HOLLANDI *Post-huma*.

A FVNERALL *ELEGIE* OF KING IAMES:

WITH

A CONGRATVLATORY Salvè TO KING CHARLES.

An Elegie *of the Magnanimous* HENRY *Earle of* Oxford.

(***)

A Deſcription of the great, fearefull and Prodigious PLAGVE: and diuers other pathe-ticall *Poemes, Elegies*, and other Lines, on diuers ſubiects.

The *Poſt-humes* of ABRAHAM HOLLAND, ſometimes of *Trinity-Colledge* in CAMBRIDGE.

The Authors EPITAPH, *made by himſelfe.*

CANTABRIGIÆ,
Impenſis HENRICI HOLLAND.
M. DC. XXVI.

The Names or Titles of the ensuing Elegies, &c.

AN Elegie *or some Post-hume teares for King* IAMES: and
A Congratulatorie Salve *to King* CHARLES.
An Elegie on the Death of the Magnanimous HENRY *Earle of* Oxford, *&c.*
A Poeme Written in the late Plague-time, to divers the Authors endeered Worthy Friends, then in the Countrey.
A Description of the late great and prodigious Plague.
A Satyricall Poeme against one that did falsly accuse the Author to the late Lord Keeper, of a Libell against IOHN OVVENS *Monument in* Pauls.
A Poeme of his owne deere Father being Sicke.
A Poeme to his Friends in his owne sickneſſe, With a reſolution againſt Death.
A Letter, ſavouring of Mortification. Written in the time of the late Viſitation of the Plague, to his deere Brother H.H.
A Confeſſion of his ſinnes to God, with a teſtimony of his Faith.
A metricall Verſion of part of the 73. Pſalme.
T. C. *the Authors endeered friend, his poeticall Verſion of the 91. Pſalme.*
A Meditation on the 6. Pſalme, verſe 4. and 5. With ſome other Meditations in his Sickneſſe, and a Prayer.
His Bodies Vale *to his beſt Part.*
His Epitaph made by himſelfe.

HOLLANDI *Post-huma*.

A FVNERALL *ELEGIE* OF KING IAMES:

WITH

A CONGRATVLATORY Salve TO KING CHARLES.

An Elegie *of the Magnanimous* HENRY *Earle of* Oxford.

(***)

A Description of the late great, fearefull and and Prodigious *Plague*; and divers other pathetical *Poemes*, *Elegies*, and other Lines, on divers subiects.

The *Post-humes* of ABRAHAM HOLLAND, sometimes of *Trinity-College* in CAMBRIDGE.

The Authors EPITAPH, *made by himself*.

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His Bodies Vale to his beſt Part.

His Epitaph made by himſelfe.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE AND HIGH-BORNE HEROE, GEORGE LORD GORDON, EARLE OF ENGIH: AND CAPTAINE OF THE GVARD DV-CORPS (commonly called IEAN DV-GVARD) to his Majestie of FRANCE: Sonne and Heire apparant, to the most *Noble and Valorous the Marquisse of* HVNTLEY.

(.)

Right Honourable:

MY LORD: The *Author* of these *Poemes* and other Lines, my deere Brother, being lately Deceased, and I loth that his Elaborate workes should die, & be buried in Oblivion, though good rather to commit them to the

Presse, And doe make bold to make choise of your Noble Selfe, desiring you to deigne the Patronage of them: And I am induced so to doe in two respects; First, because your Honour is the Prime *Mecænas* of the *Muses*, of your Noble Ranke, that I know, of *Great Britaine*: Secondly, for that I am not ignorant of you Honours favourable and benigne acceptance of some other the Authors *Poemes*, from his owne hands. Why shall I then doubt of your Acceptance of these? The Orphanes of him, who to say no more, whiles hee had breath, as he was much obliged, so did highly prize and honour your Lordship.

Vouchsafe therefore, most Noble Lord, not onely the Patronage hereof against the malevolent detractors and vulgar mouthes (if any such there be) but

but the pardoning of my audacitie herein, beeing altogether unknowne unto you.

Now, Noble SIR, as the World knowes you were one of King IAMES his *Northerne WORTHIES*; so, who will denie but our gracious King CHARLES accompts you no leſſe? And that your Honour, Name and Fame, are not confined within the Empire of *Great Britaine*, appeares by that thrice honorable Office conferred on you by the moſt *Chriſtian French King*: I pray GOD giue you increaſe of Honour on Earth, and hereafter immortall Honor in Heaven. And ſo, I humbly take my leaue of your Noble Lordſhip.

Your Honours moſt obſequious to be Commanded:

H. F

TO

The ingenious and ingenuous *Reader*, especially such as were the deceased Authors Friends.

GENTLEMEN, *I haue enterprised to commit these ensuing Lines, my deceased Brothers Orphanes, vnto the Presse, at mine owne proper Charges, not to make them common; for I hold them better worth than to bee exposed to the vulgar View of euery* Ignoramus *or* Non-intelligit: *The world already beeing full fraught and farced with stuffe fit for their vnderstanding. What these are, I need not tell you that knew the Author; And for your sakes principally haue I made this Impression, of no more Copies than I thinke to distribute vnto yee, his (and some of mine owne) endeered & worthy Friends. I hope you will vouchsafe them benigne Acceptance, and me condigne thankes: by which, I shall bee encouraged to publish other his larger Labours which I haue lying by mee. And so I wish you all an heartie* Vale, *and of you take my leaue.*

Yours to Command.

H. H.

MICHAEL DRAYTON *Esquire*, *and Poet-Laureat, in Commendation of the* AVTHOR *and his first published Poeme,* NAVMACHIA.

BY this one Lim, my HOLLAND, wee may see
What thou in time at thy full growth mayst bee,
Which Wit by her owne *Symetrie* can take,
And thy proportion perfectly can make
At thy Ascendant: that when thou shalt show
Thy selfe; who reades thee perfectly shall know
Those of the *Muses* by this little light
Saw before other where to take thy height.
Proceed, let not *Apollo's* flocke decay,
POETS and KINGS are not borne every day.

E. C. *Master of Arts, vpon the same.*

SEnd forth, young-man, from *Muses* wombe,
Thy other Royall *Births* at home,
But slowly, slowly send them forth,
Least for their number and their worth
The enuious hand of Fates take hold,
And crop thee; for they'le thinke th'are Old.

VA

I. W. IC. *Vpon the same.*

THat this small *Piece* the World should hazard first,
Of other better Workes thy *Muse* hath nurst
To wonder I was forc't, unless't bee done
As a small Starre doth usher forth the Sun.

E. P. Theologus, amico suo ABRAHAMO HOLLANDO, D. PHILEMONIS F. in *NAVMACHIAM* suam.

(. .)

NAumachiam lustrando tuam, mihi flumine visus,
Ingenij placido desperijsse tui:
Arma virum, tabulas Galeas, & Scuta per undas
Aspicio, & mens est Carmine mersa suum.
Emergo! & tabulas votivas docto Musæ,
Docte HOLLANDE *tua, quæ bene facta tamit.*

FINIS.

AN

AN *ELEGIE*:
OR,
SOME POST-HVME TEARES,
VPON THE ROYALL HEARSE OF OVR LATE SOVEREIGNE
IAMES,
KING OF GREAT BRITAINE, *France*, and *Ireland*; Defender of the *Faith*, &c.

Who Died at his Manour of THEOBALDS, the XXVII. of *March*, 1625.

(***)

By ABRAHAM HOLLAND.

Printed for HEN. HOLLAND.
M. DC. XXVI.

UMI

TO THE HIGH AND PRINCELY HEROE *GEORGE*, DVKE OF BVCKINGHAM HIS GRACE, &c.

MOST NOBLE.

SIR, *may it please your Grace giue me leaue to commend vnto you these* Posthume *Labours of my deceased Brother (once a member of that famous Vniversitie,*

versitie, whereof your Grace is now Chancellor,) *especially, the* Elegie *or* Posthume-*Teares for King* IAMES, (*of ever blessed Memorie*) *our late gracious Sovereigne, your Lordships most gracious Lord and Master: And how can I doubt but your Grace will vouchsafe benigne acceptance to whatsoever is written to the Honour of King* IAMES: *especially, that savoureth of Wit, Learning, and ingenuitie, as I dare be bold to say this* Elegie *my Brothers Orphane doth: For the rest of the* Elegies, Poemes, *and Lines therewith adjoyned, I leave vnto your Graces pleasure to view or not view, as you shall thinke them worthy: Two respects haue induced me to make this bold attempt of Dedicating this unto your Grace: The one is; The Author thereof my Brother, whiles he lived did much honour your Noble*

Lord-

Lordſhip, as might appeare by a Poeme *hee wrote of your Graces being ſicke and your recoverie, when time was: which* Poeme *I doubt not but you haue ſeene though haply forgotten, by reaſon of your continuall more important imployment in affaires & matters of State and high Conſequence.*

The ſecond reſpect is, that when your Grace hath deigned acceptance hereof, I may humbly craue that from your Noble hands and view, it may be conveyed to the Sacred hands and view of my moſt gracious Soveraigne King CHARLES, *whom the King of Kings long preſerue in Honour, ſafetie and proſperitie; Yea,*

Methuſalems dayes God unto him lend,
Sith on his *Life* Millions of *Liues* depend.

Now, Right Noble SIR, *ſeeing his Majeſtie hath ſelected Your Grace*

to be his Worthiest WORTHY, and deseruedly accumulated so many Honors on You, I shall desire and pray, that after your enjoying these terrestriall Honours, you may hereafter enjoy Cœlestiall Honour and favour with GOD. *And so, craving pardon for this my bold Attempt, I most humbly take my leaue.*

Your Graces

most obsequious:

H. H.

TO



TO
THE RIGHT
HIGH & MIGHTIE
CHARLES,
OF
GREAT BRITAINE, France, and Freland; the first King (of that Name) and second Monarch: Defender of the FAITH, &c.
Sole Inheritor of his Royall Fathers KINGDOMES and VERTVES.
AND
To King IAMES *his Immortall Memorie.*

This *Elegie* is Consecrated by his Sacred Majesties humblest and meanest Subject.

UMI

AN ELEGIE:

OR,

Some Posthume teares, vpon the Royall Hearse of our late Soueraigne King IAMES.

NOw that the Land hath nigh forgot to weepe,
And IAMES the *Good* more peaceably doth sleepe
In his vnblamed Vrne, and th'Vniversities,
Vpon his Hearse from their lamenting eyes
Haue throwne their Pearles, & through the widdow'd Towne
The curious wits haue jewelled his Crowne,
Pardon if now poore I doe spend a teare,
Though farre vnequall to my care, to beare
My sorrow company, if I commence
A *Nænia* now, and end it two yeares hence,
I'le chide my griefe, which could so soone expresse
It selfe by speech, when speech makes sorrow lesse.
Hee's dead; if some precisser man should aske
Who 'tis I meane, tell him that is a taske
A mortall cannot answer; let him flie
To be resolu'd first to Philosophy,
And there make search, what skilfull nature can
Invent that's curious to produce a man

Next, and moſt like a Deitie: and hence
Riſe to a Metaphyſick excellence,
And tranſcend Nature, let him there ſuppoſe
The ſoul's cleare faculties, as they roſe
Perfect from the Creatour, and withall
Know ſuch an one is dead, who did recall
All decay'd vertues: Who had he liu'd that day
When wiſe PROMETHEUS man-kinde form'd of clay,
Hee might haue bin the Stampe pure and refin'd,
Thaue molded off all future humane Kinde:
But how theſe ſparkes which nature firſt did frame
Were ripened by Time, and made a flame
What graces did accrew vnto the minde
Of *Him* that's dead, when it was diſciplinde
And form'd by Arts additions, would require
Præmeditations long and workes intire,
As HOMER happly being deſir'd to cleere
What th'*Ithacan* or fierce ACHILLES were,
Could not their well-knowne Excellence deſerie
Vnder an *Iliad* and an *Odyſſie*:
Nor VIRGILL tell what his ÆNEAS was,
Vntill his anſwer did make vp the Maſſe
Of full twelue Bookes: had now ſome Poet more
And purer fancies than thoſe *Swans* before
Euer injoy'd, he could but meanely ſing,
And weakely tell what was our now-dead King,
Hee was a Man, a King, a God, aboue
The reach of enuie fear'd alone for loue,
And yet hee's dead, hee that few dayes agoe
Had ſayd ſo much, had bin Great *Britaines* foe,
Alas 'tis paſt an *Omen* now, and Fate
Hath giuen vs a bad licence to relate

The

The hated truth, nor treaſon is't to ſay
His Funerall was kept on ſuch a day;
Wee need no Calculations now, or Art
of Starres to gather, when his mortall part
Will pay the due to nature, he hath paid,
And She hath him a full acquittance made
Of all his debt: and now much like a ſtrong
And nimble-winged Eagle, which hath long
Bin pent in ſome cloſe Cage, his vn-hous'd ſprite
On able Plumes hath tan'e a joyfull flight
Vp to the Sunne, while we poore men below
Gaze at the ſight, and after him can throw
Onely our vowes: O whither Thou by this
White Soule, art crowned in a Throne of bliſſe
That ſtandeth on Eternitie, and thence
With a new Power, as an intelligence
Doeſt rule ſome Orbe: or whether thou and thine,
Thy wiſdome and thy Clemencie doe ſhine
As a new Conſtellation, in ſome Sphere,
Where nor the Powre of winds and ſtormes appeare,
Or any Guſt: that heareth not the claſh
Of Thunder, ſees no lightnings ſulph'ry flaſh,
But there as in a pleaſing dreame doeſt lie
Bathed in bliſſe and fix'd Tranquillitie,
Hauing attained vnto that which Thou
So ſought'ſt on Earth, but full poſſeſs'd of now
Eternall Peace, while neighbouring Starres admire
To ſee ſo bright a gueſt increaſe their quire,
Or whether thou with Angells doeſt conſent
To hold an euerlaſting Parliament,
In robes as white as thoſe wherein the Quire
Of ſurpluſs'd Saints ſing Carolls and admire

Their Makers glorie ermin'd all with lights,
And ſtarres that glitter in ſereneſt nights,
The purple, not ſuch as the Tyrian ſhell
Doth yeeld, or th'high-ptic'd Indian Cuchenel,
But ſuch as decks the proud *Aurora*, when
Shee ſhowes her bluſhing face to bed-rid men,
Or ſuch as is for Coverlets diſpread,
To wearie Phœbus on his Weſterne bed.
Where er'e thou art, refined Soule, if ſo
The ſhades of men free'd from their priſon, Know
And ſee what's done on Earth, ô vnderſtand
And view the ſorrow of thy widow'd Land;
Pardon our Avarice if wee would faine
Enjoy our CHARLES? yet haue our IAMES againe,
England with one conſent would gladly view
A Heptarchy againe of ſuch as You
Without diuiſion: Much I cannot blame
Thoſe Idle Wizards, who did blindely ayme
At Truth they knew not, when it is agreed,
That now Thou art an an Emperour indeed,
And farre aboue a King; Thy *Laureat* ſoule
Being rid in triumph to her Capitoll,
Nor art thou fall'n, but as in pureſt nights,
In a full quire of Starres wee ſee ſome lights
Diſſemble ruine, which when man-kinde ſaw
At firſt, it thought that Fate had broke the law
Of Nature, and let looſe thoſe rolling eyes,
Which be the Garriſon and centuries
To the braſſe Wall of heaven, and doe keepe
Thoſe golden Vaults in a ſtill-waking ſleepe.
Thy Sonne is liuing, who is ſo miſ-led
While hee doth liue to ſay that Thou art dead?

Shall

Shall wee here blame great Fate or loue it, which
Hath vs at once made both extreamely rich
And moſt deplored poore? which hath the ſtore
Of hidden India giuen vs, and more
Than er'e the pale and greedy Spaniard knew
In wretched *Mexico*, or rich *Peru*,
(Where ambuſh'd rockes of Gold and ſilner found
Looke pale and bluſh to leaue the guilty ground)
But hath bereau'd vs of a Mint, a Coine
That went for currant, vnto which did Ioyne
Refined Excellence: or, ſhall we ſay
By this our loſſe, that *Fate* did but diſplay
Her indiſcretion, which doth poize the States
Of men alike, and mighty Potentates?
The will of Deſtinie, which hath ſnatch'd away
The Weſterne Sunne, and yet remaines a Day
As bright as if it ſtill did here abide,
Hath ſtopt the Current, yet the ſtreame doth ride
In Chriſtall beautie; hath impli'de a Change
Without an alteration, yea, more ſtrange
Produc'd a joyfull ſadneſſe: that the while
Wee are a weeping, we doe oft beguile
The victorie of ſorrow with a gleame
Of preſent Ioy, like as a ſodaine beame
Strikes from a Tempeſt; you can paſſe no way,
But by th'occurrent, one may juſtly ſay
There's a ſtrange Conflict, a ſtrange Monſter bred,
Of Ioy and Sorrow ſtreaming from one head
The King: See, here comes on a drouping man
With anguiſh printed in his brow, pale, wan,
And onely mouing; aske him what's the cauſe,
And you ſhall heare him after a ſad pauſe

So well as griefe will giue him leaue, to ſay
The beſt of Kings, the beſt of men, this day
Hath left vs wretched Mortalls to deplore
That bliſſe, that peace, that wiſdome, which before
We knew not how to value, till the want
Tells vs how negligent and Ignorant
Wee were of ſo great happineſſe: Thus hee
Will make his ſorry anſwer, or may bee
Bee altogether ſilent to deſcrie
Th'importance of the new calamitie.
For greateſt miſeries which ſhould declare
Exceſſe of ſorrow, dumbe and ſilent are.
But doe I not through all the people heare
Good *Omens*, and glad acclamations teare
Th'aſtoniſh'd aire, ſo lowd and ſhrill, that *Spaine*
And *Germanie* doe ſtand amaz'd againe:
An art of memorie would little aide
To recall ſorrow, when that word is ſay'd
King CHARLES: As when in ſome vncertain weather
Two diverſe winds doe joyne their blaſts together
The wauering Fotreſts, and the Neuter Corne
You then may ſee, now this, now that way borne,
Still moſt inclining to the conquering blaſt
That did preuaile, and breathe vpon them laſt.
I doe confeſſe, the gaine of ſuch a King
Wee now enjoy, may well ſome ſolace bring
For our dead IAMES: Yet as wee often ſee
In a religious Groue ſome aged Tree,
As a long-liued Oke, or bald-head Elme,
Which not ſo many Stormes could ouer-whelme,
So many Keene and ſurly Winters rage,
But there it ſtands reſpected for the age,

Although

Although the armes and ſeated bough's doe fade,
And that it with the trunke doth make a ſhade
Rather than leaues: yet vnderneath the Faunes
And Syluan Gods from farre-remooued Launes
Shelter themſelues; and when it fall's the ſweet
And gentle Nymphs, and horn-hoof'd Satyres meet
To waile their loued Shed, which oft did tame
The rage of Iuly, and the Dog-ſtarres flame.
Could we ſuppoſe another Sun would riſe,
And make his Zodiack from the Southerne skies
And ſet i'th' North, leauing the Eaſt as chill
As th'Orcades, yet we ſhould thinke on ſtill
Our ancient freind the former Sun, whoſe power
So many a Spring, ſo many a joyfull houre
Produc'd before: ô! it is hard to ſay,
When Cuſtomarie vertue's tan'e away
How great the griefe is, though perhaps the bliſſe
That doth enſue to th'other equall is.
There is an old wiues Prouerbe that the *Spring*
May make an *Ague Phyſicke for a King*,
And God this Medicine did to him apply,
To cure him of diſeas'd mortalitie,
And ſettle him Eternall: where, nor age
Doth follow Time, as in this Pilgrimage
Of our ſad life, nor ſickneſſe, paine, or feare,
Or Decrement of beautie doth appeare,
But health eternall, and felicities
Without impaire, and Life that neuer dies.
What man hereafter that partaketh ſenſe,
But much more, reaſon, will wiſh reſidence
In this darke vale of life, where euery houre
Is ſpent or loſt, or ſubject to the power

Of

Of dominiering Sinne, especially
When thus good Kings, our Gods Tutelar die?
Alas, while wee in this life trauaile fare,
Wee are but wretches hovering in the aire
With waxen Plumes, where feare still leads the trace,
And too much heaven brings vs to earth apace,
To bring vs vnto heauen: we Comets are
Whose sodaine lustre and prodigious haire
Affrights the world with wonderment, if we
Placed too high, or too inferiour bee.
Ah! who would trust on the deceiuing state
Of slipperie Crownes, held at as deere a rate
As often purchas'd, and againe resign'd,
All-wayes with cares and anguish of the minde.
This great, good, wise, and learned Monarch, whom
The world affirm'd the Light of Christendome:
The Northerne Starre and Wonder of his time,
Who was the moment of this Westerne clime,
And held it in just poize: who did deuise,
But now the Embryo's of Policies
Which Fate is still a teeming: this good King
Alas, is come vnto his Euening;
And after soules and bodyes last divorce,
Lies in the Graue a cold vnlived Corse.
Good Soule sleepe sweet, and quiet, and doe *Thou*
That doest reviue, our King, smoothe vp *thus brow*
That giues thy people life, doe *Thou* appease
Thy griefe, and the contagion will cease
Of too much care: But if *Thou* still doest keepe
Sorrow, I'le sweare hee's dead that does not weepe.

Almighty God assist Thee, and the winds.
Be Champions for CHARLES, *what e'e He mindes.*

AN ELEGIE VPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT NOBLE and Magnanimous *Heroë*, HENRY Earle of *Oxford*, Viscount *Bulbec*, Lord *Samford*, and Lord great Chamberlaine of *England*.

WHO SICKENED IN SERVICE OF HIS KING and Countrie, in defence of the States. And died at the *Hagh* in *Holland*. Aprill 1625.

By ABRAHAM HOLLAND.

Printed 1626.

AN

ELEGIE

TO

THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE AND NOBLE LADY, *DIANA*, Counteſſe of OXFORD, Dowager of the Deceaſed *HENRY* Earle of OXFORD, Viſcount BVLBEC, Lord SAMFORD, and Lord great Chamberlaine of ENGLAND.

AND,

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE AND APPROVED Souldier, ROBERT VERE, the ſucceeding Earle of OXFORD, Heire apparant to the ſame Noble Titles and Honours.

To both their Honours,
This Elegie is Conſecrated.

By
H. H.

An Elegie upon the Death of the right Noble and Magnanimous HENRIE *Earle of* Oxford, *Viſcount* Bulbec, &c.

WHat Starre was wanting in the Skie? what place
To be ſupplied anew? what empty ſpace
That requir'd OXFORD? was ſome Light growne dim,
Some Starre Decrepit that ſuborned Him
To darke the Earth by his Departure? Sure
The Thracian God to make his Orbe more pure
Hath borrow'd him; where in his fiery Carre
He ſhines a better MARS, a brighter Starre?
Or like a new Orion doth he ſtand
In Chriſtall Maile, and a bright blade in's hand
An armed Conſtellation, while the Quire
Of Pyrrhick dancers, with reflecting fire
Glitter on him? or like a Comets rage
Strikes he amazement on the trembling age?
Alas! theſe glorious fancies but expreſſe
His worth and our love to him, not make leſſe
The rape of Fate, while we poore Mortalls farre
More want ſuch men than heaven could want a Star.
Let Griefe then ſpeake, and for this wofull time
Let me nor ſtudie Number, Verſe, or rime,

But write in fragments, ſo't ſhall be my due
Though not a Poet good, a Mourner true.
Though I ſhould ſay no more but, Oxford's dead,
That would be made an Elegie, to ſpread
It ſelfe as farre as ſorrow, the Contents
Enlarg'd to Volumes, by the teares, laments,
And griefe in-generall, when the world affords
So vaſt a comment unto ſo few words.
Yee Powers above that looke on men with eyes
Iuſt and impartiall, if in Fate there lies
Still more revenge, ô let us wretches know
Our lot before, that we may weepe below
A timely expiation, and prevent
The torrent of thy wrath which now is bent
To make a Deluge or'e us, who have found,
Though after all Great Iames was laid in ground,
A Plague, and Oxfords Death: 'tis hard to ſay
Which of the two doth more our loſſe diſplay
The ruines both being Generall: and can
Heaven be ſo angrie with poore feeble man
To perſecute him further? No, the rage
Of Peſtilence which ſpreadeth through the age
Can ſcarce ſurpaſſe his loſſe: caſt feare away
Fate cannot teeme more miſchiefe; and muſt ſtay
Now at the height of Vengeance: Oxfords death
Hath ingag'd heaven to ſpare the reſt beneath.
Who, what he living was thoſe men can tell
Who paſt the North and Southerne Poles doe dwell
I need not write it: that were but to ſhow
What we now want, and what we once did owe
To ſuch a man, whoſe like enſuing dayes
Shall ſcarce produce: Antiquitie may praiſe

Their

Their Hectors, and Achilles, with a dim
And fain'd applauſe, while we doe but right him
In their Encomiums. Who like a New-borne Starre
Bred us amazement onely, and from farre
Made us admire what he in time would bee,
And ſo ſhut up his Early light, while wee
Wonder that Fate could be ſo prodigall
So ſoone to ſhow, ſo quickly to let fall
So great a glorie; which we well may ſay
Had but an houre, a Minute, a ſhort day
That did deſerve an age: yea, ſome will ſay
As the beſt things, he made the ſhorter ſtay
T'expreſſe an Excellence: Yet alas, herein
We doe but flatter ſorrow and our ſin
Which tooke him hence; for had he ſtay'd till then
When there ſhould be no memorie left of men
H'had bin a Choice of heaven, and ſurpaſs't
The Annalls and the Chronicles, which vaſt
Vncertaine times have made: doe not ſurmize
That I herein am ſet t'Hyperbolize,
A ſtrict Hiſtorian of the time that ſay's
Leſſe, ſhall be held Detractour of his Praiſe.
Yea, future judgements when they ſhall compare
Him with the reſt ſhall call thoſe writers ſpare,
Who made him not a Patterne, as the blinde
Old Homer, did Achilles, of his Kinde.
Alas 'twas nothing in the ancient time
For Noble men to raiſe their names, and clime
By hauty acts unto the top of Fame,
When as obeyſance to their Prince did claime,
And their owne Intereſts, that they ſhould ſhow
Not more what they adventur'd, than did owe:

When

When each day almoſt new invaſions, when
Civill diſturbance did compell the men
To aforc'd valour: In thoſe times to have
A Talbot, Essex, or a Drake did ſave
The Countrie but from damage: but that now
When the now-Sainted James had made a Vow
To bleſſe himſelfe, and us by making Peace:
That not all Spirit, and all Mars ſhould ceaſe
But ſuch a flame from thoſe ſtill aſhes riſe,
Did ſaue the Land from guilt of Cowardize.
Since Oxford was a Youth, Bellona ne're
Breath'd her allarmes in this our Hemiſphere,
But he purſu'd them, with a Noble fire
To fame his Countrie, and his owne deſire
Grounded on that: Great *Venice* and the Fates
Though luckleſſe of *Bohemia*, with the *States*
Now fatall to him, and th'attempted Seas
Shall be his true, though Poſthumes witneſſes.
He ſought no new-made Honours in the Tide
Of favour, but *was borne the ſame he di'de*.
Nor came he to the Elyſium with ſhame
That the old Romans did bluſh to heare his Name
Brighter than theirs: where his deſerts to grace
His Grand-fathers roſe up and gave him place,
And ſet him with the Heroës, where the Quire
Of ayrie Worthies riſe up, and admire
The ſtately Shade: thoſe Britiſh Ghoſts which long
Agoe were number'd in th'Elyſian throng
Ioy to behold him; Sydney threw his Bayes
On Oxfords head, and daign'd to ſing his praiſe;
While Fame with ſilver Trumpet did keepe time
With his high Voice, and anſwered his rime.

The

The ſoft inticements of the Court, the ſmiles
Of Glorious Princes, the bewitching wiles
Of ſofter Ladies, and the Golden State
That in ſuch places doth on Greatneſſe waite
And all the ſhadie happineſſe which ſeemes
To attend Kings and follow Diadems
Were Boy-games to his minde: to ſee a Maske
And ſit it out, he held a greater taske
Than to endure a Siege: to wake all Night
In his cold armour, ſtill expecting fight
And the drad On-ſet, the ſad face of feare,
And the pale ſilence of an Army, were
His beſt Delights; among the common rout
Of his rough Souldiers to ſit hardneſſe out
Were his moſt pleaſing Delicates: to him
A Batter'd Helmet was a Diadem:
And wounds, his Brauerie: Knowing that Fame
And faire Eternitie could neuer claime
Their Meeds without ſuch Hazards: but alas
That wee muſt ſay, ſuch a Man OXFORD was,
A Hatefull Syllable which doth implie
Valour can be extinct and Vertue die.
O wer't not Profanation, I now
Could turne a ſtiffe Pythagoriſt and allow
A reall Metempſychoſis, if ſo
The Soule of OXFORD might divided flow
On much Nobilitie: and yet my ſect
Should honour finde from hence, they no Defect.
This was the yeare of Iubile in *Rome*
No meruaile, 'twas of griefe with us at home,
England hath bin *Romes* Sacrifice, the whiles
Our Teares and Funerals haue bred their Smiles

A company of ſacred Soules before
Him left Mortalitie, as if the ſkore
Of Fate were quickly to be payd: but when
He left us wretches to continue men,
While hee himſelfe did to a Crowne attaine
The whole Quire ſeem'd in him to die againe:
As if h' had bin th' Epitome, and Briefe
Of all their Vertues, and of all our griefe:
But Fate did act this laſt and greateſt theft
To ſee if wee had any Sorrow left,
As if thoſe loued Soules which went before
Had ſpent our teares, and left our Eyes no more,
Alas, now pitles us and bids us ſleepe
Seeing when Eyes are done our hearts can weepe.

Two Epitaphs vpon the same Noble Earle.

Epitaph. I.

PAſſenger that needs wilt know
Who lyeth here
Firſt let mee craue,
That thou, thy Pietie to ſhow
Let fall a teare
Vpon the Graue: (*finde*
'Tis Oxford: *whom when thou ſhalt*
Entoomb'd below
Who late did liue,
Thou thy ſelfe ſhalt call vnkinde,
To haue bin ſo
Inquiſitiue.

EPITAPH. 2.

TO say that OXFORD *here or there*
Doth lye, confines a place
To his vnbounded Fame,
That Body which, you balme and seare
That Image you doe grace,
Is but his Shade, his Name.
What place of Heauen hath his Soule
And his diviner parts,
To mortals is vnknowne;
This wee may say without controll,
In all true English *hearts*
His Toombe is made, though they bee
(made of Stone.

FINIS.

A L'envoy to my endeared Friends

Mr. R. T. Mr. W. H. Mr. T. C. and others being in the Countrey. Seruing for an Introduction to the Deſcription of the Plague.

DOe you not wonder that in this ſad time
I ſtill haue leyſure to compoſe a rime?
When as a Chriſtian care forbids me now
The helpe of Poetrie, that my hot brow
Should ſweate with actiue Wine, or that my heart
Should be ſo free from paſſion to vſe Art
Vnto my wilde expreſſions: The mirth
That entertaines a Muſe, and giues a Birth
To happy lines, is farre more fit for you
Who in your Countries happineſſe doe view
Our ſlaughters from a farre, as men in ſight
That ſtand remote ſpectators of a Fight.
Yet I would haue both you and all ſuppoſe
Sorrow can ſpeake as well in verſe as proſe
In this *great Yeare* of *Elegies:* indeed
Not with that life, that flame, and actiue ſpeed.
As when Securitie did bid me play
With the ſmooth treſſes of *Aſteria*
And wander in her eyes: alas that theame
Is quell'd in griefe and drowned in the Streame
Of the times ſorrow: thoſe Heroïck layes
That were begun haue throwne away their bayes

And cloth'd themſelues in Cypreſſe; and my brow
Expects a Night-cap, more than Lawrell now.
Sirs you perhaps are chaſing o're the Fields
The Hare, the Deere, or what the ſeaſon yeelds
Doe Imp your Falcons wings, making it flie
A ſuttle ambuſher about the Skie.
We are the Prey of Death and each night ſtay
The call of Fate, untill the Morning ſay
We may draw forth a Noone; and ſo at Night
Lie downe againe not ſure of other light
Till the great Reſurrection: for may bee
Death hath his Writ this Night to ſerue on mee.
Doe you inquire whether wee be affraid
Of Death or no which ſo ſoone doth invade
So ſurely Kill, I anſwer, no: that man
That liueth now and view's the ſtorme, and can
Still be affraid of Death, I muſt ſurmize
A Renegade, or full of Cowardize:
No Penitent can feare, and hee that ſtill
Retaines a heart unbroken acts more ill
Than all his life before: that ſoule is Steele
Which doth not bleed, that hell, which doth not feele
The preſent blow: It is with us who here
Hourely view death, as when exempt of feare
At an *Oſtend* or ſuch a Siege to die
The Souldiers thought it a Neceſſitie
And ſo did ſlight it, when each houre were ſhowne
So many others Death's t'aſſure their owne.
Endeared Friends, I am well and better much
And in more ſweet ſecuritie than ſuch
Who thinke of a long life, by theſe death's here
Being freed from what is worſe than death, the Feare.

Seldome

Seldome is Chriſtian Valour better gain'd.
Than when 'tis by ſuch miſerie obtain'd.
I doubt not but that Fame which ſtill doth uſe
To ſpred abroad more large than certaine newes
Hath blaz'd our State, and haply doth aſſure
As you ſuppoſe farre more then we endure,
Thus farre let me your doubts herein ſuffice
Rumour it ſelfe can ſcarce Hyperbolize
Our Reall woe: Feare it ſelfe cannot vow
There is more Miſchiefe than wee ſuffer now:
If you ſhall heare of Streets wherein the Graſſe
Doth grow for want of men that uſe to paſſe
Or *Smithfield* turn'd a medow or a plaine
Wherein the Horſes, Kine, and Sheepe againe
May feed rather than ſell: or of poore men
That in their Graues together lie by ten
By twenties or by more: or ſodaine Fates
Of people dying in the ſtreets and gates,
Doe not ſuppoſe it falſe, we wretches trie
What other Ages ſhall hold Poetrie,
A March in midſt of Auguſt, and the Star
That raigneth now farre from Canicular
In all but the effects; not cloth'd in bright
And ſcorching Sun-ſhine but in midſt of Night
And Winter ſtormes, as if the Plague did flie
Wrap't in thoſe clouds to fright the troubled Skie
And blaſt mortalitie: the ayre the while
Scarce in a Moneth ſtrikes forth one pleaſing ſmile
Muffled in damps, ſo cloſe that from beneath
Wee deeme it hard by any way but Death
To ſee bright Heauen againe: The Rurall ſwaines
Begin to doubt the Vſurie of their paines

And

And Propheſie a *Famine*: and the Earth
Choked with Carkaſſes threatens a *Dearth*
As a Reuenge: The Skies the while doe ſhowre
Downe poyſonous tempeſt to augment the power
Of her pretended Malice: while the breath
Of blacke contagious windes doe tranſport Death
Through the enuenom'd ayre: Earth, Aire, and Skie
Conſpiring to our great Calamitie.
In what a caſe poore *London* ſtands, to ſhow
Would aske a Pen and Muſe that onely know
How to write griefe: alas it is become
A Theatre of Tragedies, where ſome
Di'de i'th' firſt acts, and many ſlaughters paſt
God knowes what murder ſhall be in the laſt.
I liue not in it, but in *Chelſey* aire
Where Death but in his Out-rodes doth repaire,
And thence doe onely heare the murmuring Bels
Diſcloſe the ſlaughter by the frequent Knels.
Yet as a tender Mother though ſhee haue
A Child interr'd, and ſleeping in the graue
Yet will ſhe oft goe ſee the tombe, and dew
His duſt with pious teares, and oft renew
His Poſthume exequies: ſo ſometime I
Goe to behold the Citie, and eſpie
As I doe walke along the widdow'd ſtreets
Nothing but ſorrow in each face that meets
In the Large ruine nothing but a griefe
That ſpeakes it ſelfe in ſilence, true and briefe.
Ah deere Sirs, it is changed from the Place
Yee knew it once, when as the beautious face
Of Gallantrie inrich'd the Streets, and Eyes
Of frequent beautie made it a Paradiſe

And

And the Delight of Nations, whoſe concourſe
Thither, and the Refluxe as from the Source
Of humane Kinde did make it ſeeme to bee
The Center of the World, the Worlds Epitome.
Death now alas hath not begun, but led
His Triumph through the Towne, and largely ſpred
His gloomy wings in circuit o're the Walls
Attended by ten thouſand Funerals
As if thoſe Pageants raiſed to renowne (Crowne
Our deere Queenes Well-come, and great *Charles* his
Had bin of purpoſe made a Wofull throne
For Death and Fate to ſit ſpectatours on
When I ſee theſe, thinke you I can forbeare
But praiſe that God, who let's me ſtill be here
And makes me not a Spectacle, as they
That now are mine, and liu'd but yeſterday?
Deare Friends, it is not *London*, but the ſhade
And Carkaſſe of that place in aſhes layd.
Where you ſhall ſee in ſtead of ſport and play
A falſe yet as it ſeemes a Holiday,
The Doores ſhut up, and all the Streets about
But here and there a Paſſenger walke out
So ſolemne ſilence, that a man would ſay,
'Twere a light Night, or Seruice-time all Day:
The Bells as frequent as when oft they ſound
When a yong Prince is borne, or new King crown'd,
Which heard, a Stranger might be brought to ſweare
The *Fift* of *Auguſt* or *November* there
Were Solemnized now: which to aſſure
The Bon-fires almoſt euery night procure
A Shade of Ioy; which if you right will Know
As funerall Piles not ſolemne Bonfires glow

The Bells in their ſad language almoſt tell
They ring no Holiday, but ſpeake a Knell;
The Doores ſo ſhut that one in them might doubt
Whether it were to keepe Death in or out.
What Muſe ſhall I inuoke t'indite a rime
That may expreſſe our miſerable time?
Where the pale Viſages of men expreſſe
Farre aboue Poetrie the Heauineſſe
Of Gods ſharp Scourge, where the Red wand affrights
The Starting Paſſenger and troubled Nights
Are ſpent in Burials, when what e're we ſee
Is but an Argument of Miſerie;
The Wormwood-Noſegayes, & the trembling Pace
Of them that paſſe, though they haue Herbe of Grace
And curious Boxes to repell the ayre
Which might aſſault them, ſeeming to out-dare
The will of Deſtinie: Nor can I blame
Our weake Mortalitie, which thinkes no ſhame
To ſhow a frailtie, deeming perhaps that Fate
Can yeeld to Soueraigne *Bezoar*, Mithridate
Or ſuch Death-killers, let us thinke ſo ſtill
So wee root out that weed of Sin and ill
Which taints our ſoules, ſo though for many yeares
It haue preuail'd, wee'l drowne it in our teares
And Kill this Giant Plague, which through the towne
As an unlooſed Lyon, beareth downe
What e're it meets, making no doubt to ſtrike
The cloudie Cedar and low Shrub alike:
So quicke and faſt that it makes men to ſay
'Twill not be long untill the Iudgement Day
Abſolue the Maſſacre, Death ſo doth ſhrine
To bring the Vniuerſe to light againe.

So

So few are borne to life ſo many Die
Lucina doth not Tith Mortalitie,
As if Death would not leaue untill for all
Doomeſday doe make one fire one funerall,
When now the Weeke-bills almoſt reach unto
The ſumme which that of th'yeare had wont to doe.
If from the Towne a Stranger ſhould but ſpie
How the affrighted People haſt to flie
In trembling heapes hee could not but ſuppoſe
The ranſack'd Citie taken by the Foes,
And now poſſeſs'd, and the remaining rout
On a ſtrict compoſition flying out.
Enter the Citie you ſhall meet with there
A fearefull Valour, an audacious Feare,
Where men doe think't ſo difficult to ſcape
That they expoſe themſelues unto the rape
While they yet tremble, as if thence to flie
Were to giue wings to Death, and haſt to die.
A Noone in *Fleetſtreet* now can hardly ſhow
That Preſſe which Midnight could not long agoe;
No Proclamation needs the Gentrie haſt
Vnto their Homes, they doe it now too faſt
While the poore Sterued rout are taken hence
Alike by Famine and by Peſtilence.
Walke through the wofull Streets (whoeuer dare
Still venter on the ſad infected ayre)
So many Marked houſes you ſhall meet
As if the *Citie* were *one Red-Croſſe ſtreet.*
The Plague hath ſpred it ſelfe ſo vaſt and far
They need not ſet Markes in Particular
One very Doore, but to expreſſe the Loſſe
Not guild but red the Publike Citie croſſe:

And briefe for all to ſhow the wrath of Fate
Set LORD HAVE MERCY ON'S, on euery Gate.
Alas the little houſe hath loſt the Name
While wretched *London* may the Title claime
Of the great *Peſt-houſe*: where are buried more
Than wee had thought it had contain'd before:
That in our Iudgements it may well appeare
Turn'd from a Citie to a Sepulcher.



The

The Deſcription of the late great memorable and prodigious Plague. 1625.

GOod God! what poiſon lurkd in that firſt fruict
Whoſe ſurfet left us wretches proſtiture
To ſuch a world of ſorrow? Not confin'd
Onely to teare and cruciate the minde
With ſad remembrance of the bliſſe, wherein
We might haue liu'd, but ſee the cruell Sin
Spares not our ſoules weake houſes, but doth ſpred
From viler parts vnto the nobler head
A thouſand Maladies, which now alas
Through each ſmall In-let of the Bodie, paſſe
Remorſleſſe Enemies, and batter downe,
The clayie bulwarkes of our Mud-wall'd towne.
Our throat is like that vaſt breach, which doth bring
In like the *Troian* Horſe dire ſurfetting;
When in the Stomach like the Market-place
The foes let looſe dare ſpred themſelues, and trace
Through all the Citie, ſome are ready firſt
To breake the Sluces, which doe raging burſt
And drowne low buildings, ſome with flaming brands
Fire holy Temples, ſome with Swords in hands
Sharpe-pointed-Iauelins, Malls, and poiſonous darts
Make Maſſacres through all the trembling parts

Of the diſtreſſed Fabricke; no controll
Can barre 'em but they will aſſault the Soule
It ſelfe almoſt, while each ſmall-breathing Pore
Betrayes unto the foe a Poſterne Dore
To enter in at, euery crawling veyne
Affords him harbour, and doth Entertaine
The bloudie Enemie, each Muſcle, Nerue,
And Filme makes him a Fortreſſe to preſerue
His longer Durance, till the gueſt at laſt
With ruine payes his Hoſt for all that's paſt.
How many ſuch foes, thinke you? Secret lye
When hundreds of them ambuſh in one Eye?
Which is the Lanthorne, and the Watch, and Light
Keepes Centurie for all the Bodies Night.
As ſoone may I exactly number all
The fainting leaues that in an Autumne fall,
The Creatures of the Summer, or the Store
Of wilder infects, which old *Nilus* ſhore
Each yeare produceth, as with Iudgement ſhow
How many fierce and bold diſeaſes flow
Vpon this wretched Carkaſſe, when each yeare
New troupes of raging Feuers domineere
That know no name, Each boy can nigh expreſſe
Diſeaſes now to Poſe *Hippocrates*.
Happy that age of gold, not onely 'cauſe
It had no vice, and ſo no need of Lawes,
When Nature was their *Solon*, and the want
Of Knowledge to doe ill, did make them Ignorant
Of the Redreſſe, not bleſs'd alone in this
Although the ayre and earth increas'd their bliſſe,
But that an able Bodie was combin'd
In a ſweet friendſhip with a harmeleſſe mind.

They

They knew no Phyſicke (though their drugs did grow
Then in full vertue, able to beſtow
Health on this age) becauſe they Knew not how
To get thoſe Sickneſſes, which men Know now:
The Ague with a hundred names; the Aches
More than the Ioynts; the Palſey that attaches
The limbes with Diſſolution; the wild
And *Bedlem* Phrenſie: the Vertigo, ſtil'd
Becauſe it whirles the giddie braines about:
The ſweving Megrim; and the racking Gout:
The cruell Stone; the torturing Collicke fierce
And wringing winds, which through the lims diſperſe
Their ayrie torments; lingring diſpence
Of pale Conſumptions, which befot the ſenſe:
The Deluge of a Dropſie: When ſhall I
Run through 'em all? the ſleepie Lethargie;
Quick-murdring Apoplexie which doth Kill
E're it makes Sicke: the piteous Falling-Ill:
The Elephant-skin'd Leproſie: Iaundies ſtaine:
Ambuſh'd Impoſtumes which ſurprize the braine:
With hart-aſſaulting Pleuriſies: the tough (Cough:
And clutterd Flegme: and Rheume that breeds the
Strappado, Cramps; the ſodaine-pricking Stitch;
The Night-mare: which the people thinke a Witch,
Th'all-conquering Pox, to which compar'd the reſt
Are Lady Sick-fits: this is that forraine gueſt
The Diuell inſtructed *Indies* to us ſold
To recompence the filching of their Gold.
All theſe and more innumerable powers
Lay ſiege unto this weake-wall'd Fort of ours
And oft ſurprize an Out-worke, yea ſometime
In deſperate malice ready are to clime

The

The walls themſelues: till that the heart much like
A ſtrong Defendant maketh good the Dike
And giues 'em a repulſe: yet oft alas,
This noble Champion ſtaines the conquer'd Maſſe
With dying blood: For Sickneſſe is a Fight,
The victory doubtfull, Chances infinite.
But hath that power who is all Mercy, ſtill
More, and more cruell Puniſhments to Kill
Minute-liu'd man? yes, though you adde to theſe
Pale meager Famine, Murders of the Seas,
And Warres vaſt Slaughters; you ſhall find one more
That may affright the reſt wee nam'd before
The *Plague*, whoſe very naming ſeemes t'affright
My trembling Quill, as it doth haſt to write,
Leſt as it raging flies about the land
This Inſtant it might ſeaze vpon my hand:
The Plague a dreary Puniſhment, Heauens curſe,
The fatall Engine of Deſtruction, worſe
Than we can well imagine, which doth bring
Terrour on mortals, Death on euery thing,
And Deſolation vnto Cities: O
What ere thou art, dire Ill, whether thou doeſt flow
From powerfull Influence of the Starres, or rather
Doeſt thy vaſt malice and contagion gather (nail'd
From poiſonous Southerne windes, which haue pre-
Vpon the ſickly ayre, or Steames Exhal'd
From th'Earths enuenom'd wombe; or whether 't bee
Our Bodies Conſtitutions, which agree
With the malicious ayre and ſo contract
The quicke Infection: whether 't be the Pact
Of Fate, and will of Heauen which doth ſtand,
Or Gods immediate angry mooued hand,

As

As 'tis; O pull it in, thou Gracious Power,
And let not this blind Enemie devoure
The Grace of *England*. CHARLES implores, wee
With him in zealous Orisons agree:
Heare him for us, and us for him; and stay
Thy dreadfull vengeance, which doth now display
Horror through all thy People, and begins
To shew the vgly portraict of our sins,
Which haue pull'd downe thy wrath. O let suffice
That world of bloud in forreine Ayre that lyes,
Of noble *English* soules, whose carkasses
The brutish Shores, wild Fields, and greedie Seas
Expose to Dogs, to ravenous Fowles, and Fishes;
Ah, little answering to the tender wishes
Of their poore mothers, who at home the while
Gape at their childrens Honours, and beguile
Their early feares with too late hopes: alas,
They little thinke, that now the soyled Grasse
Vsurpes their deare embraces, and grim Fate
Sits pale vpon those Beauties, which of late
They made their Ages comforts, who now shall
Ah! be bound to them for a Buriall.
O call to mind this Fatall Yeere, wherein
* Thy Iustice hath been equall to our Sin; *Equally & justly sent.*
Both great: O let thy blessed Goodnesse still,
As it is wont to doe, surpasse our Ill.
Those men whom we did love, whom we did trust
Should be our Shields, are turn'd to Shades, to Dust:
Let the in-throned Soule of IAMES implore,
That after Him, thou punish His no more:
Let the great Sprite of OXFORD, which hath past
The Sentence of thy Anger, be the last

Thou plagueſt vs withall; and let us know,
That ſtill thou pittieſt us, poore men, below.
But never let this Land endure againe
That wofull ſolitude, which once did raigne
In our faire Cities; which, neglected left,
In a deplored ruine, ſhew'd the theft
Of angrie Fate: when ſcarce a tenant Mouſe
Was left, in many a faire unpeopled houſe;
But the ſad Owles and Night-Ravens aloofe,
Did keepe their Revels on the ſilent roofe:
When at high Noone one paſſing by, ſhould meet
A Mid-night Darke, and ſilence in the ſtreet;
When in the wayes well-pav'd and worne before
By frequent ſteps of men, there now grew ſtore
Of uncouth Graſſe; and Harveſts now apace
Grew where they once were ſold, i'th' Market-place:
When as no Merryments, no Sports, no Playes
Were knowne at all, and yet all Holy-dayes.
No Papers then over the doores were ſet,
With, *Chambers readie furniſh'd to be let*;
But a ſad, *Lord haue mercie vpon vs*, and
A bloodie *Croſſe*, as fatall Marks did ſtand,
Able to fright one from the Prayer. The time
Then held it an inexpiable Crime,
To viſit a ſicke friend: Strange Stoute, wherein
Love was a fault and Charitie a ſin;
When Bad did feare infection from the Good,
And men did hate their eruell Neighbour-hood.
'Twas a deplored time, wherein the Skyes
Themſelves did labour, and let fall their eyes;
When one might ſee the Sunne, with ſallow hayre
And languiſhing complexion, dull the ayre:

Looking

Looking eeu'n ſo, as when at *Chryſes* Plaint,
He went like Night, the *Grecian* troupes to taint
With ſad Infection; when his dire ſhafts caſt,
Kill'd more than *Hector* in the nine yeeres paſt.
The Heavens were cloth'd with bleak miſts, & the aire
With the thick Dampe, was ſtruck into deſpaire
Of future clearenesſe, or ſerener day,
But that the Clouds for feare ran off away.
The Night, whoſe dewie ſhade had wont to tame
The ſoultry reliques of the Mid-day flame,
Diſtill'd no Cryſtall Pearles vpon the ground;
But wrapt in vaporous ſmoake, and cloath'd around
With poyſonous Exhalations, did affright
The trembling Moone; whoſe dim and paler light
Look'd with that countenance, as if againe
Her ſilver hornes ſhould ne're eſcape the Wane,
So to renew her Circuit. The dull Quire
Of ſickly Starres ſhew'd now no ſmiling fire,
But ſhone like un-ſnuff'd Tapers: as if Fate
Did give them leave now to prognoſticate
Their owne eſtate, not others; and applie
Themſelves at laſt to ſad Aſtrologie.
The poyſon-clutter'd Springs, with *Plague* infus'd,
Ran not with Cryſtall torrents, as they us'd;
But in dull ſtreames, as them dire influence fills,
With fainting pace, ſcarce reach'd unto their rills:
And languid Rivers, which before did paſſe
The Cryſtall with their clearenesſe; now, alas,
Looke muddie, without ſtirring: and their ſtreames,
That wont to be all ſpangled with the beames
Of the blithe Sunne; now, in a weltring floud,
Ran not with water, but prodigious bloud.

Thoſe Trees whereof the Antients us'd to rayſe
Their Funerall Piles, might in theſe fatall dayes
Burne at their owne Death's, which in ſad deſpayre
Spred not their leavie beauties through the ayre,
But ſuffer'd Autumne in the Spring: forlorne
And ferall Cypreſſe now had cauſe to mourne,
Poppeyes themſelves this time in death did ſleepe,
And the Myrrhe-tree had reaſon here to weepe
A Funerall Perfume: thoſe gaudie flowers
Which wont to make Ghirlonds for Paramours,
Mourn'd in their drouping braverie, and ſpread
The ground at their owne deaths, as for the dead.
The Corne grew not, as if it meant t'undoo
Men not with *Plague* alone, but *Famine* too.
Herbes, Phyſicks Soveraignes, here infected die,
And for themſelves could find no remedie.

The brute Beaſts now, which Nature, to beſtow
The Excellence on Man, did make with low
Downe-looking Poſtures, firſt did feele the rage
Of th'Earth-borne *Plague*, and died before their age.
The long-liv'd Hart this time to die began,
Before it reach'd unto the age of Man.
The faithfull Spaniell, by his death, did trie
The miſchiefe of his well-nos'd Faculrie,
And ranging with quick Sent, did ſooneſt prove
Th'infectious Malice of the Dogge above.
The luſtie Steed, ſcouring in's Game apace,
Lights on Deaths Gole, in middle of his Race:
The nimble Fowle, as th'ayre it flyes around,
Flags his ſick wings, and ſinkes unto the ground,
Not long before to the remorſeleſſe Skie
In ſillie Notes have ſung his Elegie.

The

The luckleſſe Night-Ravens, which us'd to grone
The death of others, now might Dirge their owne:
The Snow-plum'd Swan, as it did gently ride
Vpon the ſilver Streame, ſung forth, and di'de.
Anon the Damp dares breake into the Walls,
Making a way by thouſand Funeralls:
Who can expreſſe th'aſtoniſhment and feare,
Which doth at entrance of a *Plague* appeare?
Even ſo the fleeced Heard doth tremble, when
An Aburne Lion, hungrie from his Den,
Breakes in among 'em: then you may behold
The pale-look'd Shepheard gaze upon his Fold
With helpeleſſe pitie, the poore Lam-kins creepe
Vnder their Dams; the fillie trembling Sheepe
Stand full of cold amazement at the ſight,
Small hope for mercie, and leſſe hope in flight,
Expecting onely which of all ſhall ſcape
The readie horror of the Lions rape.
Other Diſeaſes warning give before,
That we may reckon, and acquit the Skore
Of our ſinnes Prodigalitie: in this,
We ſcarce can be reſolved whether 'tis
Sickneſſe, or Death it ſelfe; ſo quick it tries
The ſtrength of Nature, ſo ſoone poore Man dies:
That many to repoſe in th'Evening lying,
Have made their ſleepe true kin to Death, by dying
Before the Morne. Ah! who would then deferre
A preparation for this Meſſenger
Of bleſs'd or curs'd Eternitie? What man
Would ſtill preſume to ſinne, that knowes the ſpan
Of ſhort uncertaine Life? Yee gracious Powers,
That meaſure out the minutes and the houres

Of this our wandering Pilgrimage, reſtraine
Theſe ſodaine ſlaughter-men; or, good God waine
Vs from our ſinnes, that wee may neither feare
The rape of Death, nor covet to be here:
O curbe this raging Sickneſſe, which with ſenſe
Bereaves us of the meanes of Penitence.
When a dire Phrenſie ſeizeth on the Braine,
Full of reſiſtleſſe flame, and full of paine;
That Madneſſe, which no cure can well appeaſe,
Is but a Symptome, unto this Diſeaſe.
Our bloud all fire, as if it did portend
We were not here to ſtay, but ſoone aſcend;
When ſtreames of ſulphur through our veins do glide,
And ſcarce the ſenſe of ſorrow doth abide.
This time how miſerable, may we gueſſe,
Where want of ſenſe, is chiefeſt happineſſe:
When the diſtracted Soule can ſcarce deviſe
How to ſupply the weakeſt Faculties
Of the diſturbed Bodie; but preſents
Vnto the Eye ſtrange objects, ſtrange portents,
And antique ſhadowes: when the feveriſh rage
Sets us on Iourneyes oft, and Pilgrimage,
And entertaines our wild and wandering ſight
With monſtrous Land-ſchips, able to affright
A man in's wits: when the deceived Eares
Doe apprehend what ere the Fancie feares;
The grones of Ghoſts, and whiſpering of Sprites,
The ſilken tread of Faeries in the Nights,
The language of an ayrie Picture, howles
Of funerall Dogs, and warnings of ſad Owles.
The Taſt diſtaſteth all things, and the ſame
Is ſweet, and bitter, when the inward flame

Furres

Furres the ſwolne Tongue;& the quick Feeling marr'd,
Knoweth no difference betweene ſoft and hard:
Such a confuſed Error doth diſtract
The labouring Senſes, ſo is the Fancie rackt
By the dire ſickneſſe; when from place to place
The Bodie rolleth, and would faine embrace
Some Icie cooler: but alas, the heat
Aſſwaging, there enſues a Marble ſweat
'Twixt Death and Nature, wreſtling: then appeare
Thoſe deadly Characters, which th'Enſigne beare
Before approching Fate; which notice give,
None ſpotleſſe die, how ever they did live.
A ſickneſſe comfortleſſe; when we do feare
To ſee thoſe friends whom we do love moſt deare.
The Miniſters Devotion here doth ſtick,
By leaving Viſitation of the ſick,
Making the Service-Booke imperfect: when
We ſee a croſſed Doore, as 'twere a Den
Of Serpents, or a Prodigie, we ſhun
The poore diſtreſſed Habitation.
The Death as comfortleſſe; where not appeares
One friend, to ſhed ſome tender funerall teares:
Black Night's the onely Mourner. No ſad Verſe,
Nor ſolemne flowers do deck the drearie Herſe:
Some few old folke perhaps, for many a yeere
Who have forgot to weepe, attend the Beere;
Such, whoſe drie age hath made moſt fit to keepe
Th'infected without feare, but not to weepe;
Whoſe kin to death, made them not feare to die,
Whoſe deafeneſſe made them then fit companie
Vnto the ſick, when they were ſpeechleſſe growne:
A miſerable Conſolation.

But

But had you look'd about, you might have ſeene
Death in each corner, and the ſecret teene
Of angrie Deſtinie: No ſport diſpells
The miſts of ſorrow; a ſad ſilence dwells
In all the ſtreets, and a pale terror ſeizes
Vpon their faces, who had no Diſeaſes.
So uſuall 'twas, before the Morne to die,
That when at Night two friends left companie,
They would not ſay, *Good Night*; but thus alone,
God ſend's a ioyfull Reſurrection.
If two or three dayes interpos'd betweene,
One friend by chance another friend had ſeene,
It was as ſtrange, and joyfull, as to ſome,
When a deare friend doth from the *Indies* come.
Throgh the nak'd town, of death there was ſuch plenty,
One Bell at once was faine to ring for twenty.
No Clocks were heard to ſtrike upon their Bells,
Cauſe nothing rung but death-lamenting Knells.
Strange, that the Houres ſhould faile to tell the Day,
When Time to thouſands ran ſo faſt away.
Time was confus'd, and kept at ſuch a plight,
The Day to thouſands now was made a Night.
Hundreds that never ſaw before, but di'de,
At one ſame time, in one ſame Grave abide;
That our weake Fancies, if we did not hold
It Profanation, here to be too bold,
Might wonder what, being ſtrangers, they would ſay
To one another at the Iudgement Day.
Some, by their feare to go to Church debarr'd,
Anon are carryed dead unto the Yard. (preſt,
The Church-yards gron'd, with too much death op-
And the Earth reſts not, 'cauſe ſo many reſt.

And

And Churches now with too much buriall fed,
Fear'd they ſhould haue no meetings but of Dead:
Death fell on death, and men began to feare
That men would want to carry forth the Bere.
The Bearers, Keepers, Sextons that remaine
Surpaſſe in number all the towne againe. (Brothers
Friends here kill'd friends, womb-fellowes Kill their
Fathers their Sons, and Daughters kill their Mothers:
By one another (ſtrange!) ſo many di'de
And yet no murder here, no Homicide.
A Mother great with Child by the Plagues might
Infects to Death her Child not borne to light.
So killing that which yet ne're liu'd; the wombe
Of th'aliue Mother, to th'dead Child was tombe,
Where in the fleſhy graue the ſtill Babe lying
Doth kill his Mother by his owne firſt dying.
Her trauaile here on Earth ſhe could not tend
But finiſhes in heauen her Iournies end.
To others, frolicke ſet vnto their meales
Secure of death ſlie Death vpon them ſteales
And ſtrikes among 'em, ſo that thence in ſpeed
With heauy Cheere th'are borne the wormes to feed.
To ſome at worke to others at their play,
To thouſands death makes a long Holy-day.
Death all conditions equally inuades,
Nor riches, power, nor beautie here perſwades,
Old dye with young, with women men, the rage
Of the dire Plague ſpares neither ſex nor age.

Moſt powerfull Influence of ruling Starres
Which with blind darts Kill more than bloody Wars

Reſiſtleſſe Famine greedy Time, or when
The threatfull hand of Tyrants ſtriketh men
Into pale terrour, more than all diſeaſes
Ah, happy hee who heauen leaſt diſpleaſes.

FINIS.

HOLLAND *his Hornet To ſting a Varlet:*

OR,

'A few Satyricall laſhes for one that did falſly accuſe him, to the late Lord Keeper, of a Libell againſt IOHN OVVENS Monument in *Pauls.*

By ABRAHAM HOLLAND.

Againſt one that impos'd a Libell on me, to the late Lord KEEPER.

WHoſoe're thou waſt that thus
Miſtaken or Malicious,
(The laſt I doe imagine) that
Didſt Father on mee this vile Brat
A ſtinking Libell, goe and bee
Scorn'd of all as much as mee.
May I know thy Name in Time
Libell'd in ſome Ballad-Rime:
May I heare thee 'bout the Street
Begging Offall for the *Fleet*:
May'ſt thou cry in tuned Proſe
Cornes haue you on your Feet, or Toes,
Or Rats to catch, and in the end
Veniee-Glaſſes haue you to mend.
May Iuſtice make thee ſo to lacke
To offer Lines to all in Blacke.
And ſucceed if Vengeance linger
At laſt the one-Legg'd Ballad-Singer.
Foule ill thy judgement, couldſt thou find
None whom thou couldſt thinke inclin'd

To Libelling but me, no one
That made lewd Verſe but me alone.
No itching Scriuener that doth make
Verſes by an Almanacke?
No lazie leaden-witted, Aſſe
Profeſſing Poetrie (alas.)
No Latin'd Merchant, whoſe fine clothes
Scorne that hee ſhould write in Proſe?
No parcell-Gentleman that vowes
Hee can ſtill the Latine towze?
No buſie Lawyers Clerke, that ſtill
Will vſurpe Poeticke skill?
No pretie Toy, no learned Foole?
Nor clowniſh *Vſher of a Schoole*?
Couldſt thou find none, but muſt diſperſe
Mee the Author of that Verſe
So baſely libellous, and durſt
Me of all men picke out firſt
To bee thy Toung-Ball? or didſt rather
Thy owne baſtard on mee Father?
A Palſey take my Muſe, if I
Knew how to make a quicke reply
To them who did this Fame diſcloſe,
Whether it were Verſe or Proſe,
A Volume, or a Pamphlet, long
Or ſhort, Iämbick, or a ſong
Latine, or *Greeke*, *Tuſcan*, or *Welch*,
Or ſuch as puffing *Dutchmen* belch
In their Fat Language: ſtrange that I
Should ſtretch a Line from *Coventry*
And make it reach to *Pauls*, and place
It under OVVENS *brazen face*:

Wretch!

Wretch! I would haue thee know, that Time
I was vers'd in other Rime
As free from malice, as from thee
And the wrong thou putſt on mee:
Where ſweet Damſels did infuſe
Flame into mee, and to my Muſe,
The onely ſting I had did riſe
From the Luſtre of their eyes,
Where our Paſtime was, to ſing
By the Bankes of ſome cleare Spring:
No venome ambuſh'd in thoſe Floods
Which haue no Satyres in our Woods
Onely ſometime in gentle Rankes
As wee walked o're the Bankes
I a blacke-ſwolne Toade did ſee
Which now I thinke was kin to thee:
But of a better kinde, that could
Within it ſelfe it's venome hold.
Well, thou haſt done thy worſt to mee,
I'le tell thee what I thinke of thee,
Sure ſome opinionated Aſſe
Thou art, who in the world doſt paſſe
For a wiſe Man (by theſe rules
Wee beſt know who are beſt Fooles)
Some boſome-creeper, fed with ſloth,
A Foole, a Mad-man, or elſe both:
Some ſeeming Statiſt, who canſt find
By what's before, what is behind.
That hadſt as much reſpect of mee
As I meane to haue of thee.
Yea, this I gueſſe, and certaine know it
Thou art held ſome * *arrant* Poet.

* *Or if you will* Errant.

One

One of thoſe about the Towne
Who did ſcatter up and downe
Nænia's on th'untimely Fate
Of the good Duke, and DORSET late.
Who in nought more luckleſſe were
Than that They left thee tampring here
To ſoyle their Ghoſts, and whiter Fames
And lamentably teare their Names.
Some Fantaſticke Cockeſ-combe, who
Affects a garbe with much adoe.
Yea, though perhaps thou bear'ſt my Name,
At thy conditions, I doe ſhame:
And this I'le lay my life vpon
None of my Religion,
Who as haply 'tis thy vſe
Would'ſt the People thus ſeduce
And Malicious draw on mee
A crime ſo neere to Hereſie
That is to wrong my friends, and made
Mee this vncouth ſtile inuade
To bee a rayler, who doe vſe,
The world doth know, a gentler Muſe.

FINIS.

TO MY DEARE FATHER, *Mr.* PHILEMON HOLLAND, *Doctor in Physicke, beeing Sicke.*

Spring of my life, by whom I first did trie
This bitter-sweet of fraile Mortalitie:
Source of my beeing, next to him that giues
The diuine Power, by which each mortall liues:
O thinke not but your Children doe comprize
Part of your Sickneſſe, wee all ſympathize
In your Diſeaſe: let it to all bee knowne
What e're is yours in ſorrow, is mine owne.
Let no *ill Omen* bee that while I write
To yeeld ſome comfort, teares doe blind my ſight,
I would ſuppreſſe 'em; nor vaine-glorious hence
Seeke other witneſſe but my Conſcience
Which may to GOD beare record, how my heart
In each diſaſter, with you beares a part.
Let me, deare Father, pardon here implore
If my Muſe languiſh; ne're had I before

So ill a Theame: the Subiect dimm's mine eyes
And makes my sickly Verses sympathize.
O, how my hautie Muse I could haue strain'd
If I had seene your merits had obtayn'd
A due reward: if I had knowne the worth
Which lyes in you had bin full blazed forth
About the world; and so might gladly see
Your worthy name as deare to all, as mee.
And now, good Father, as I know your mind
Is with all precepts drawne from Heauen refin'd
Though Sickneſſe bee the calling for the Skore
The Epitome, and Bill of life before
By which as by a Serjeant God demands
Of paſſed life defrayment at our hands:
Yet let not us a Medicine applie
To one so fraught with good Phyloſophie,
But let us them of your ſtill borrow, giuing
By liuing ſtill, example of good liuing.
Yet if a young unſtayed head may giue
Precepts to die (when Fate doth pleaſe) and liue,
(Long may it bee) 'tis thus: O, let not cares
That gall the troubled mind, nor ſad affaires
Of this world vexe you, neither thinke it loſſe
If to gaine *Heauen*, you gaine but little *droſſe*
Of fading wealth; I dare without ſinne ſweare
That wealth's unworthy you, that's ſcraped here.
Let it not grieue you that the *vulgar crew*
Haue not to your deſeruings giuen the dew;
Vertue moſt part is in the world deſpiz'd
And thoſe that moſt doe merit leaſt are ptiz'd.
You know that ſo it hath bin in all Ages,
The beſt Philoſophers, and wiſeſt Sages,

The

The greateſt Poets haue bin ſtill exempt
Of preſent glory, drowned in contempt,
When yet their glorious Fame that could not die
Was crown'd with future immortalitie.
God is in debt to them who here haue liu'd,
Deſeruing well, and little haue receiu'd,
And though the Principall a while doe reſt
Hee'l pay't at laſt with double intereſt,
Heauen is not rich for nothing, but be ſure
'Tis treaſur'd for the wealth-deſeruing Poore.
And to your ſelfe though God deſray not it
Your Childrens children ſhall receiue it yet.
I would not haue you enuie them, who here
In the worlds iudgement glorious appeare,
On whom this Earth's abounding wealth encroaches
Who liue ſecure, whoſe Heauen is their Coaches,
Long traines of Seruants, and delicious cates,
Saluters, Flatterers, and delicates
For their faire carkaſſes: beleeue it true
God's ſcarce acquainted with thus-bleſs'd a crew.
His owne *Sonn*'s an example, who among
Vs men, was poore, deſpiz'd, and ſuffer'd wrong,
To whom men ſcarce would meanes or meales afford;
O, who would grudge to imitate our Lord?
Yet know when blacke Obliuion ſhall rot
Their worthleſſe names, their merits flouriſh not,
Then ſhall your memory unbounded flie
And neuer periſh till the world doe die.
O, doe not under-value ſo your ſelfe
To thinke them richer who haue greater pelfe,
I'le undertake ten thouſand in this Land,
Who both themſelues and you doe underſtand,

Though cloy'd with riches on their wealthy floores
Would willingly exchange their worth for yours.
O! that I could perſwade you to thinke leſſe
Of this baſe world, and ſee your happineſſe.
Say, this ungratefull Towne, this luckleſſe Cage
Wherein you haue bin cooped all your age
And ſpent your golden yeares, to gaine a few
Who are in nothing but diſſembling true
Hollow, tongue-friends, if I may call them friends
Who haue vs'd you to their peculiar ends
A friend in title, but a ſlaue indeed
To ſerue their turnes: ô that you had tane heed
In time of theſe: yet what ſhould one expect
Of ſuch a baſe-borne rabble but neglect
For good deſerts: a rout that neuer knew
What meant moralitie, nor euer drew
The Sacred milke of Learning: whoſe chiefe height
Is to know yards of Draperie, and the weight
Of Grocerie and Spices, whoſe baſe birth
Life, manners, friendſhip, all doe ſmell of earth
Groſſe vile and muddie: yet one comfort is
The time may bee when you this Towne ſhall miſſe
And ſay with griefe, we once had ſuch a one
Wee hated vertue preſent, but now gone
We long and wiſh for't. Thus in many places
The worthieſt mens rewards haue bin diſgraces;
Thus *Athens* wont her beſt deſeruers uſe
Thus *Rome* her noble Stateſmen to abuſe
With death or baniſhment: thus ſtill wee trie
Contempt enſues familiaritie:
Yea, Prophets (as our Sauiours ſelfe did deeme)
In their owne Countries ſtill haue ſmall eſteeme.

Well,

Well, whatſoe're this Towne doe thinke you, ſet
It thus bee Knowne, All *England*'s in your debt.
Yet are there ſome (I dare avouch it) good
Ingenuous mindes who hauing underſtood
Your worth and merits, loue your very *name*,
Though farre remote, yea, and admire the fame.
I doubt not yet, deare Father, e're you die
By timely Fate, to ſee you rais'd as high
As your well-weigh'd ambition aimes at, which
Is to bee ſweetly well content, not rich,
T'enioy your friends, and children, and they you
To ſpend your fading old yeares reſidue
In ſweet tranquillitie, and liue with ſuch
As will reſpect and honour you as much
As here they ſlight you, and the time from hence
Shall all your paſt misfortunes recompence:
All comforts fit for age ſhall you be giuen,
Your onely care to make your path for Heauen.
And if my ſelfe a Poet may preſage
You ſhall haue yet an old new Golden age.
God will not end your aged dayes, ſo long
As you may ſtill helpe and doe good among
His people here: But as a Captaine when
He meanes to exerciſe his faithfull'ſt men
He puts them upon dangers, makes them trie
Diſaſters, hardneſſe and all miſerie,
That when at laſt the foe ſhall be repair'd
They bee not found unskill'd and unprepar'd.
Sickneſſe is but a muſtring ſhow, wherein
Wee learne to fight, to skirmiſh and to win
At the laſt combat, Death: in that tide
Happy is hee that oftеſt Sickneſſe tride.

Such as did all-wayes in full health remaine
Are oft poore wretches lamentably slaine
As untri'd Souldiers. Though once Fate by God
Shall of your fraile life make a period.



To

To his Friends in the Time of his Sickneſſe.

A reſolution againſt Death.

FRiends, if it bee my lot, as ſome men vſe
To pay their debt ſooner than you would chuſe
To harſh exacting Fate I would not haue
You ſtand lamenting o're my youthfull Graue
As if it were my Priſon, and I throwne
There on a deſperate Execution.
I know there's no releaſe from't yet more free
Know I this priſon than your libertie.
I would not haue you raile at it, and ſay
That it from you had cloſely ſtolne away
And treacherouſly betray'd your Friend: alas
They erre who thinke they into th'graue doe paſſe
As to a Puniſhment, and therefore call
It the ſad Vrne, the Place of Buriall,
The houſe of Lamentation, Lifes Thiefe;
The Den of Sorrow, and the Cell of Griefe:
You wrong it by theſe Names, It is my Bed,
Where Lifes Day ſpent, I lay my wearied
And o'retoyl'd Body, in a long deepe Night
Till hee that giues all Day, renew my Light.
It is my ſleeping chayre, my chayre of State,
Wherein I ſit equall with conquering Fate.

And

And out-face Death, daring him if hee can
To challenge more than I haue payd of Man.
Make him my Sinnes-bill cancell, and agree
That Chriſts croſſe o're it my acquittance bee.
As a poore Traueller, whom the conceite
Of a long tedious Iourney, thirſt, and heate,
And wearineſſe tormenteth, by the Way
Longing for home, all he can doe, doth Pray
For ſome Refreſhment, at the laſt eſpies
The joyfull ſmoake of his owne Countrey riſe
To bid him welcome: then with Pleaſures Teares
Hee caſts away both Languiſhment, and Feares.
And ſmiling takes the next Banke hee doth ſee.
So pleaſing is my Graue, ſo ſweet to mee.
This piece of Ground, which you in ſcorne per-(chance
Miſcall my Graue, is my Inheritance.
That 'tis intayl'd on me, the Law averres
By due ſucceſſion from my Grandfathers.
Mine it hath bin, by right, ſince *Adam* curſt
Man with this Bleſſing, and poſſeſs'd it firſt.
While I haue Life heere, I am but Lifes Ward;
And by my Nonage from my right debarr'd.
Death giues me that's ſo long kept from my Hand
I'me now at Age, and come unto my Land.
Nor thinke my Purchaſe too ſoone gayn'd, but call
My eight and twentie Climacterical.
My Graue's my long-ſought Inne to which at moſt
It can be ſaid, that I haue ridden Poſt.
Whither retyred ſome perhaps will feare
The ſawcie Wormes will bee intruders there
To feed upon me, whileſt my Faith proteſts
It is not ſo, they bee my bidden Gueſts.

What

A reſolution againſt Death.

What Man is hee, that hauing in the Time
Of life, committed ſome foule haynous crime.
And knowing that the Fame of it's inroll'd
In characters of Braſſe, yea were't of Gold,
That would not praiſe the hand, and friendly call
Which ſcratches out the ſad Memoriall
Wherein doth liue his Infamie: what ſoule
That knowes this fleſhly Table doth inroll
The Memory of our Faults, that would not call
Wormes and the Graue Redreſſers of our Fall.
The one of which doth hide, the other devoures
All that was guiltie, ſhamefull, bad of ours.
Our Graue's the veyle, which ſhadowes from the eyes
Of Poſthume Malice our Iniquities.

This wretched thing you mourne for and behold
The dreary Linnen, and the Earth to fold.
This thing compact of ſinewes, Bone and Blood
The Receptacle both of Sinne, and Food
Death's ready Executioners, This
This is not *Holland*, but's Effigies
Which when 'twas beſt, and by the Soule could moue
Was but a liuely ſhape of God aboue
And onely bleſs'd in that, but now, alas!
That chiefe Ingredient of the curious Maſſe
That gaue it Actiue Life is ta'ne away
And Nothing left but ruine, and Decay:
A thing ſo deſpicable, baſe, and vile
That leſt it ſhould ſurviving Men defile
Wee Priſon'e firſt in Linnen, then in Wood
Then ramme it deepe in Earth, and to make Good
The reſt, leſt it againe approach the Day
Make marble Bulwarkes o're the wretched clay.

Egyptians hence did their dead Kings embowre
In tombes as bigge as their blaſpheming Towre.
Raiſing in weaker mindes ſometimes a doubt
How they at th'Reſurrection will get out.
Of theſe ſtrong Priſons, whoſe unweldy Frames
Seeme rather to oppreſſe, than raiſe their Names.
Doubtleſs this wretched thing call'd Man, whoſe curſe
Light upon all things, is than all things worſe
When once his ſoule is gone; The ſilly Flower
Though dead, and wither'd, yet retaines ſome Power
Availeable in Phyſicke; Cattell when
Th'are dead themſelues, nouriſh the liues of Men
And dead Graſſe theirs; And Corne is neuer good
Vntill it bee cut downe, and us'd for food.
No tree ſo rude, no ſhrub ſo baſe, no beaſt
So vile, but dead ſerues for ſome uſe, at leaſt
For ornament, wee loue to ſee by skill
A curious limb'd Picture, and ſtand ſtill
To gaze upon it, yea wee can endure
To ſee Deaths ſhaddow, and grim Portraicture
Though ne're ſo ugly, when againſt a wall
Set a dead man indeed, amongſt us all
You ſcarcely ſhall finde one that will not flie
As at a Monſter or grim Prodigie.
Doe you then grieue to ſee this Bugbeare toy
This ſcarre-crow layd aſide, to ſhun th'annoy
Of the beholders? or for my Soule is it
That you doe mourne, which now doe throned ſit
Surfetting with pure Ioyes, and holy mirth
And ſmiles at that for which you weepe on earth
That 'tis diſlodg'd from that debauched Inne
Which helpt it ne're in ought, but onely ſinne.

I would haue giuen you leaue to mourne if then
I had by ſuddaine Death, bin ſummon'd, when
Wretch'd man I labour'd to the height of ſin
And bolder grew the deeper I grew in;
When Vice was turn'd to cuſtome, and each deed
Though ne're ſo impious, did perſwade with ſpeed
Another worſe, as if Deſpaire had bin
The beaſtly Pander to unbrideled ſin.
But Heau'n be bleſs'd, Heau'n better lou'd my ſoule
Than without ſtay to let it headlong roll
To everlaſting Death, and ſo did Kill
The Body ſooner to retayne that ſtill.
The Soule as hee inſpir'd it pure, nor at all
Conſcious of ſinne, no not Originall.
Thinke you I feare thoſe things which you doe call
By ſuch blacke names? The Grieſly Funerall
The Fatall beere, ſad Flowers and dreary Hearſe
The mournefull Followers, and the weeping Verſe?
Thinke you already I doe not diſdaine
The mightie tapers, and the ſable traine?
Or e're I doe expire, thinke you my ſoule
Will be ſo cowardly, to feare the toll
Of a ſad bell, whoſe heauy language goes
Deadly as if it did intend to cloſe
It's voyce with mine? Thinke you I doe not ſpie
The dolefull ſilence of the ſtanders by
As if they all were ſpeechleſſe, and from me
Did draw one generall ſtupid ſympathy?
Me thinkes I heare the ſilly Women ſay
Hee is whole-cheſted, and will goe away
By dying upward, and ſome other trie
If that my legges be cold, and ſtraight doe lye.

A reſolution againſt Death.

Heres one doth Iudge my feeble Pulſe, and cryes
'Cauſe ſhee muſt bee the Friend to cloſe mine eyes.
Another maketh Triall of my Breath
Thus doe I heare 'em furniſh me for Death.
But ô let me not heare them, let my ſprite
Bee buſie then in purchaſing a light:
More ſweet then Life it ſelfe, may wholly I
Bee fix'd in thoughts of Immortalitie.
Let me then an audacious Client ſtand
Preſſing to Kiſſe my unſeene Sauiours hand,
And let me bee ſo buſie in my Prayers
That not the Feare of Death, nor ougly cares
Throng'd in the memory may diſturbe the Soule
Which now is neere to Heav'n her capitoll
In the laſt Triumph, after Conqueſt wonne
O're Death and Hell; and grim Perdition.
'Tis a toy to thinke when life is paſt
That Fate did lagge, or elſe made too much haſt
When wee die quickly, or by tedious Age
Fulfill the circuit of Lifes Pilgrimage
In my opinion a Day-ag'd Child
Hath when it dyes a race as well fulfill'd
As Clymacterick Old men; I confeſſe
Not with ſo many out-rodes, yet no leſſe
Exactly. Nature doth averre the ſame
And a day Roſe, aſwell an Age may claime
As the long liued Oake: Though Time devoure
The one ſo ſlowly th'other in an Houre.
If 'cauſe I dye before you, you repine
I'le thinke you enuy at this bliſſe of mine
And wiſh't your owne, there's nought but ſinne in me
That could deſerue long life, and miſerie:

Which

Which Sinne, the God of Mercy quell'd, and check't
The cauſe, and after tooke away th'effect
Long life; or if becauſe I dye ſo ſoone
And come into mine Evening at the Noone
And full Meridian of mine age, you erre
And doe not know what bliſſe the Fates conferre
On mee hereby, by which I ſhall obtayne
As I now dye to riſe at laſt againe
In freſher youth: The Marriner behold
To gather up a little Pelfe and Gold
Contemned Death; If hee doe chance to finde
A nearer Cut to *China*, or to *Inde*
Reioyceth, and ſhall wee who through this vale
And gulfe of miſerie in Life doe ſayle.
Grudge if the Fates doe ſhow a nearer Haven,
Our Purchaſe being no Gold nor Pelfe but Heaven?

FINIS.



A LETTER,

Savouring of Mortification, written and ſent in the time of the late Viſitation of the Plague, to his deere Brother H. H. *in* LONDON.

Deare Brother, I am ſorry your other occaſions would not permit mee to enjoy your company longer, at my laſt being at *London*; eſpecially, in this time of ſorrow, when the deareſt friends are not able to ſay to day, wee will meet to morrow: which me thinkes cannot chooſe but put euery man in minde how carefull hee ought to bee, that though in our Kinred and Friendſhip wee be ſeparated on Earth, wee may by true repentance, and relinquiſhing our ſinnes, gaine that bliſſe that at the reunion againe of ſoule and body, in that happy communion

on

on of Saints we may meet againe with joy. Our ſmall Village here as an out-member of your great Citie ſuffers proportionably with it the heauy ſtroke of Gods wrath, inſomuch that whole Families of the moſt curious preventers haue beene wofully ſwept away: eſpecially a Gentleman left to keepe the Counteſſe of *Nottinghams* * Houſe, who with his Wife a beautifull Gentlewoman, and foure moſt ſweet and louely Children, and their Man, are all gone, I hope to bliſſe, and their Mayd that is onely left, lying at the mercy of God: Wretch that I am, why delay I one minute, to caſt my ſelfe proſtrate at the feet of Mercy, and prepare my ſelfe for the like paſſage? Within theſe few dayes moſt of this houſe in the judgement of men were likely to out-liue mee, whoſe wilde and looſer youth threatens a too timely old-age: They liu'd in a beautious Houſe, a refined and pure Ayre, wanted neither Antidote nor aſſiſting Phyſicke, and yet alas they now are not, they are duſt, and aſhes, and the food of Wormes. O! the depth of the wiſedome of our great GOD: hee ſaw that it was good for them to dye to gaine a better life, and for us, that by their deaths wee may learne and prepare our ſelues to dye. Ah Brother! thinke not this is a time Rhetorically to ſet forth a ſorrow, or paſſion, thinke not but my heart ſpeakes what I write; I know the reward of Sinne, I know the value of a Soule, thinke not but while it is in my power, by the merits of CHRIST, I will haue a care and prouidence for the price of my Saviours blood, my Soule.

* *This houſe is called, the Kings Nurſerie.*

Deare Brother, I doubt not but you are ſo well prepared

pared and armed againſt this Viſitation of God, that my weake devotion is either needleſſe, or unable to aſſiſt you: Yet I deſire you not any way to deject your ſelfe (onely in the humiliation for ſinne) in this great Aſſizes of Almighty God where we all are brought to our Trials. For my ſelfe I thanke the comforting Spirit of God, I haue not beene theſe many yeares in ſo great ſecuritie as I am in this time of imminent danger: When euery minute telling me I muſt die, and that God knowes how ſoone, I now and but now begin to liue; alas the time that I ſpent before was but death, and I liu'd but in a dreame. A man in my judgement never more liues than when hee is moſt mortified; I perſwade my ſelfe that man ſhall neuer die who di'd while hee liu'd. Brother, I am reſolu'd ſo ſoone as this heauy Storme is ouer to enter my ſelfe into the Orders of the Miniſtrie, wherein I doubt not but to finde ſuch Friends as quickly to prouide my ſelfe of an honeſt and competent liuing, God is my judge I ſhall not bee at quiet till by truely labouring to ſaue others Soules I aſſure mine owne ſaluation. If God lend me a longer life, this is my reſolution; if otherwiſe, it bee his will to take mee from hence, though I could not in my Life, I beſeech God that I may glorifie him in my Death. I pray you when you write to *Coventry* to remember my humbleſt dutie to my deare and aged Parents, to whom I doubt not yet but by adding ſome comfort to their grey-hayres, to requite partly my former diſobedience: deſire both them and my Brothers and Siſters to pray for mee, as I doe for them. Brother, I muſt con-

 feſſe

fesse you haue beene more like a Father than a Brother unto mee; God bee with you, remember mee to your Wife, and let us heartily pray for one another and bee cheerefull.

I rest;

Chelsey, August, 24. 1625.

Your loving Brother:

ABRAHAM HOLLAND.

A Con-

A Confeſsion of my Sinnes to GOD, *and a teſtimonie of my Faith.*

TO number my ſinnes O Lord is impoſſible, for they haue bin infinite; to meaſure them out, paſt humane skill, for they haue bin immenſe, and ah! too great: to repent truely for them not in my power, without the grace of thy holy Spirit: to obtaine pardon for them incredible, but through the infiniteneſſe of thy ſtill ready mercy, and the all-ſufficient-merits of my deare Saviour and Redeemer: yet (ô good Lord) were my ſinnes numberleſſe as the Sands, or Atomes that flit through the ayre; yet ſhould they neuer compare in number with thy Mercies; were they for quantitie not to be comprehended, thy goodneſſe ſhould ſurpaſſe them: for qualitie not to bee mentioned, foule and abhominable, thy Pureneſſe is able to make them cleane, and turnes the blackeſt of them into whiteneſſe of Snow, their deepeſt graine of ſcarlet into wooll. I haue ſinned, I haue highly ſinned, (ô Lord) I haue long ſinned, and ſhall ſtill ſinne unleſſe thou helpe (ô Lord) unleſſe thy grace prevent. To amend my life (ô Lord) I haue made many and earneſt vowes, when thou haſt but gently afflicted mee; in my health I haue ever ſlipped backe, and trodden in the ſteppes of my former

ſinnes, what then (ô Lord) can I expect but a continuall miſerie that I may know thee? Yet (ô Lord) knowing that thy Will is not to deſtroy, but preſerue, thy Glory to forgiue, not puniſh, and my Saviour as willing as able to bee a powerfull Mediatour with thee, for us Sinners the price of his bitter Paſſion. In the name of it, in the name of thy Goodneſſe, thy Mercy, haue mercy good Lord upon mee, who require many drops of my Saviours blood to cleanſe my Sinnes, ſo ſhall I praiſe thee *in the Land of the liuing* before I goe into the Graue, and there bee no more remembrance of mee.

A Metricall Verſion of part of PSALME, 73.

SVre GOD *loues Iſraell, and all*
whoſe hearts are cleane, yet I
Had like t'haue let my feet to fall
And trodden in iniquitie:
Becauſe I did the bad ungodly ſee
Stand ſtill and flouriſh in Proſperitie.

2.

Death's perill they doe never feare,
But ſtrong and luſtie doe remaine:
Nor like to us misfortunes beare,
Nor ſuffer equall plagues and paine.
This is the cauſe that they are ſwolne with Pride
And over-whelm'd, in Crueltie abide.

3. *Their*

3.

Their eyes with fatneſſe ſwell, and they
Doe whatſoe're they can deviſe
Others they doe Corrupt, and ſay
Moſt vile and wicked blaſphemies:
Nor ſticke they to revile the God of might
And againſt Heaven powre forth malicious ſpight.

4.

Thus all the world they doe infect
which makes the ſilly people goe
Aſide, and fall unto their Sect
Thinking that they are bleſſed ſo:
Tuſh how, ſay they, ſhall God perceiue what wee
Doe heere, ſhall hee from high our actions ſee?
&c.&c.

Mr. *T. C.* the Authors endeared Friend his Poeticall Verſion on the 91. PSALME.

1.

MAke the great God thy fort and dwell
In him, by Faith, and doe not care
(So ſhaded) for the fires of Hell
Nor for the cunning Fowlers ſnare
Nor Poyſon of th'infected Ayre.

2.

His Plumes shall make a Downy bed
where thou shalt rest, hee shall display
His wings of Truth over thy head
which as a Shield shall chase away
The Dreads of Night, the Darts of Day.

3.

The winged Plague that flies by night,
The Murdring Sword that kils by Day,
Shall not thy Peacefull sleepes affright
Though, on thy right and left hand, they
A thousand and tenne thousand slay.

4.

Onely thine eyes shall see the fall
Of Sinners; but because thy Heart
Dwels with the Lord; not one of All
Those Ills, nor yet the Plagues dart
Shall dare approach neere where thou art.

5.

When thou art troubled hee shall heare
And helpe thee, for thy love embrac'st,
And knew his name; wherefore hee'le reare
Thy honours high; and when thou hast
Enioy'd them long; save thee at last.

T. C.

A ME-

A MEDITATION ON,

PSALM, 6. Vers. 4. 5.

Returne: deliver my Soule, &c.

ALL this Psalme of DAVID is Prayer; and as one said, the very dreames of the righteous bee prayers to GOD: So the very Songs of DAVID bee Prayers; In the beginning of the Psalme he useth only a deprecatorie prayer, *Rebuke me not, &c.* but afterwards hee comes to that Importunitie of prayer, that Impudency, that violence of prayer, as *Austine* saith, When wee earnestly Pray, *Quasi agimus facto Obsidemus Deum*, and as the Mathematician said, Hee could deuise an Instrument would remoue the whole fabricke of the world, if any one could but deuise him a place where to settle it. So DAVID hauing as it were setled this great instrument of Prayer upon GOD, turnes and as it were steeres him which way he will. *Returne:* which implies that hee had bin there before, for as God first made Flowers and Trees before he made the Sunne, but after a Paradise when the Sunne did vivificate it; so God makes Man before the Sunne of Grace shine upon him, but then makes him a liuing Paradise, when hee inspires the Sunne of righteousnesse into our Soules; and that is one kinde of returning to us; yea, when by many relapses of sin we fall from God, hee giues us againe grace to repentance, that is another returning. There be three manner of significations of the originall word *Shuba*, here

used.

uſed. The firſt, *Redire in locum ſuum*, as heauy things to the Center and light to their exhauſion upward; ſo man returneth to the duſt from whence firſt he came; thus God returneth *In terram ſuam*, when hee reviſiteth the ſoule of a ſinfull man. The ſecond, in withdrawing his judgements from us. The third, when we by his corrections returne to him; as it ſaid *Tyre* and *Sidon* would haue returned in Sackcloth and Aſhes, where the ſame word *Shuba* in the Syriack tranſlation is uſed. The ſecond, *Eripe animam*. The third, *Salvum me fac*, which implies ſuch a Saluation as comes by CHRIST IESVS, the Originall beeing *Ioſhag*, whence IESVS comes.

The knowledge of God, is as *Iob* ſayes of his friends (to ſpeake with reuerence) a miſerable conſolation, without wee know him to bee our Saviour; the very Atheiſts though they would denie it, the Lord will by the terrours of night moue them to confeſſe there is a GOD; yea, they ſhall confeſſe there is a God, but ſhall not know him a Saviour.

It is ſtrange how in all the Old Teſtament the Ancients did abhorre, diſtaſt and pray againſt Death, although they did know it was the way to their bliſſe; and indeed if we conſider death as it is, life and it may be put in an equall balance, as when *Paul* thought with himſelfe how good and glorious it would bee for him to be quit of this miſerable pilgrimage of Life, and the glory hee ſhould receiue by Death, then fell hee to his *Cupio Diſſolvi*, and the balance weighed on Deaths ſide; but conſidering the good that the Church was to receiue by his ſtaying, then otherwiſe. So was it with them of old to whom the ioyes of Heaven were but

ſhaddow-

ſhadowed by Moſes and the reſt not ſo openly revealed as to us.

But divers expound this place myſtically, for the death and hell of ſinne. For without doubt in our naturall death wee praiſe God better than in this dying life. Yea, it is ſaid that Dives knew Abraham in Hell, and had a Charitable care of his Brethren on earth, &c.

CERTEINE MEDITATIONS,

By Abraham Holland.

Commended and bequeathed to his deereſt Mother, Mrs. Anne Holland, his deere Siſters, *A. H.* *M. H.* and *E. A.*

Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart bee alwayes acceptable in thy ſight, O Lord, my ſtrength and my Redeemer.

From this houre, O Lord, I have vowed to ſerve thee, in holineſſe and righteouſneſſe all the dayes of my life.

I beleeve, O Lord, helpe my unbeleefe.

Meditat. I.

LOrd! let mee carefully examine my ſelfe what I was, now am, and what I may bee. I was (O Lord) before the inſpiring of thy powerfull breath into a dead piece of clay, Nothing: I am by the malice of Sinne in ready way to Perdition: I may

bee sodainly through the reward of sinne worse than Nothing: I was (O Lord) before I was, Predestinate by thy depth of wisedome, either to eternall Glory, or euerlasting Sorrow: I am almost uncertaine, poore worme as I am, by the innumerable heape of mine owne sinnes, and the infinite goodnesse, and mercies of CHRIST, which shall light on mee: I may bee by a too late and false, or a true and contrite repentance, subiect to either. I was (O Lord) in my Mothers wombe conceiued in the foulenesse of Sinne: I am (O good Lord!) a dayly heaper of actuall Sin upon originall Corruption: What can I then expect but that I justly may be the ayme & marke of thy impartiall vengeance? But (O Sweet Lord!) I was loued of thee before I was borne: am daily preserued by thee though in the middest of my iniquities; and am in hope that through the all-sufficient Merits and Suffering of thy blessed Sonne, to bee saued after death from the power of Sinne and Hell, and with him glorified eternally: Let me then with shame remember what I was, and blush with sorrow what I am, and repent with sorrow what I may bee, and tremble.

MEDITAT. 2.

LEt mee (O Lord) judicially both contemne and feare this thing called Death: Let mee (O Lord) feare it as a man may, being the separation of his best acquaintance the Soule and Body; let mee contemne the ouglinesse of it as being a Minister to bring both soule and body to a more sweet familiaritie: Let me feare it as it is the way to Hell, but contemne it being the

the gate of Heauen; Feare it, as the wayes of Sinne; Contemne it, being the reward and pay of a long misery: Let mee feare not the Arreſt of it, but the Exetion: let me contemne it, knowing CHRIST is my Common-Bayle: Feare it, as a Monſter; but Contemne it as being Naturall. Let mee not ſee the face of it without trembling, but embrace with contempt,&c.

A Briefe Meditation.

MY heart is broken (O Lord) and my diſtracted thoughts wander vp and downe to finde out thy Mercy, mercy I ſeeke (O Lord;) judgement ſitteth at thy feet (juſt God) and Mercy on thy right hand, mercifull Father: giue her leaue a little (O God) to ſhew her pleaſing countenance unto me the moſt vile, hainous, and preſumptuous of all ſinners.

O LORD, wee haue ſinned, and thou haſt puniſhed (O Lord) wee ſtill ſinne and thou ſtill doeſt puniſh, giue us Grace (Good Lord) that wee may ſinne no more, that thou mayſt deſiſt from puniſhing. Let us die (O Lord) that wee may not die, and ſo ſtrictly by the witneſſe of our Conſciences judge and Condemne our ſelues that wee be neither feuerely judged nor juſtly condemned by thee: who both canſt, and deſireſt, if wee will truely repent ſhew thy Iudgement milde, and thy Mercy infinite. Lord, as of mee haue Mercy on all and ſhow the light of thy Countenance, and we ſhall (O Lord) bee whole. AMEN.

A Meditation against the feare of Death.

ON the ſodaine I cannot chooſe but thinke them madmen or children, who ſtand in feare of Death, and yet me thinkes euen thus they are wrong-named, ſince neither Mad-men, Fooles nor Children, feare Death; alas! ſhall ſimplicitie, and ſenceleſſe Folly doe more with them, than reaſon or Religion can doe with us? Shall the Sea-toſt Mariner be ſorrie that from ten thouſand dangers of the Sea hee is arriued at his ſafe and long-deſired Haven? Shall the ſterued Priſoner repine if after many yeares wofull Captiuitie hee be at laſt ſet at wiſhed Libertie? Shall the tormented Sick-man grudge if from a long and languiſhing Diſeaſe, a ſpeedy medicine reſtore him to his former perfect health? Is not our Life a ſea of troubles? A lothſome dungeon? A lingring ſickneſſe? Is not Death the skilfull Pilot that guides us to Heaven? Is not hee the good Iudge that ſets us at libertie? The skilfull Phyſician that cures our Mortalitie, and reſtores us to Eternall life? What doe we elſe by deſiring long life, but like the ingratefull *Iſraelites*, deſire to Continue at their former Fleſh-pots, in making Brick and Clay under hard taskmaſters, in the Egipt of this ſinfull world, and ſo keepe from the Canaan of neuer-decaying happineſſe?

Is it not madneſſe in deſiring Long life to refuſe Eternall life? Shall wee be ſuch cowards to feare a ſhadow?

dow? the ſeperation of the Soule from God onely indeed is Death, the ſeperation of the Soule from the Body is but the ſhadow of Death. Shall we bee ſuch fooles to ſeeke to ſhun that which neuer man could ſcape? Shall we bee ſo faint-hearted ro feare a thing ſo common and certaine? Was euer poore Labourer ſorie after his painefull dayes worke to repoſe himſelfe in ſleepe? Shall wee then ouerlaboured by a toileſome life grudge to goe to our ſweet, long and Care-ending ſleepe? Shall wee deſire ſtill to bee in our Nonage, and not like heires of Eternity, receiue our euerlaſting Inheritance? Our life is a Baniſhment from the heauenly Ieruſalem; ſhall wee bee grieued by Death to returne from Exile? Why feare wee Death which is but the Funerall of our Vices, the reſurrection of our Graces, and the day wherein God payes us our wages. Life is neuer ſweet to them that feare Death: neither can he feare any Enemy that feares not death? Did ſome of the Heathen, but reading an uncertaine Diſcourſe of Life hereafter, ſeeke their owne Death to come unto it; and ſhall wee, certaine that there is a Life hereafter full of unſpeakeable felicitie, bee affraid of the way which GOD hath ordained as a paſſage to it? Death is our yeare of Iubile, and ſhall wee not reioyce in it? Let euery one then (O Lord) who deſires to bee free'd from ſinning and offending thee, cry out with PAVL, *I deſire to bee diſſolved and to bee with* CHRIST.

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A PRAYER
Made and vſed with Companie
in the aforeſaid Viſitation.

O Eternall God! to whom by Creation wee owe our Beeing from nothing: by Sanctification of thy holy Spirit a better beeing from worſe than nothing: by Redemption and Adoption a joynt Inheritance and Brother-hood with the King of Glory Iesvs Christ, by whom wee are bold to call thee Father, neither art thou aſhamed to acknowledge us Sonnes. For all thy benefits (O Lord) wee giue thee moſt humble thankes, in that it hath pleaſed thee to preſerue us to this time from the dangers of Hell and Death: but eſpecially (O good Lord) that thou haſt giuen us a ſence and feeling of our owne ſinnes and miſery, ſo that wee may call for Mercy before wee goe into the Graue and bee ſeene no more: Wee moſt humbly and upon the Knees of our ſoules doe thanke thee (O Lord!) that in this thy great Viſitation, this great Aſſizes of thine, this fearefull Plague wherein the Graue hath ſwallowed up ſo many thouſands; that it hath pleaſed thee to command thy raging Miniſter the *Deſtroying Angell* but gently to touch us, with an *Arrow* that was not pointed with Death, as if hee had ſayd to us: *Goe away Sinne no more*

leſt

leſt a worſe thing fall upon you. Wee confeſſe (O Lord) that our ſinnes deſerued equally, yea more than theirs, whom thou haſt taken away, and yet (O Lord) wee ſtill remaine to praiſe thy Name *in the land of the Living.* Which if thou doeſt continue (O Lord) thou haſt ingaged us to a ſodaine and ſpeedy newneſſe of life, with true Contrition for our former moſt haynous ſinnes, and a living *in Holineſſe and Righteouſneſſe all the dayes of our life.* But if ſo bee this bee but a gleame of thy mercy to trie our Faith and Conſtancy, and that thou haſt ordained at this time to make an end of our liues moſt wretched Pilgrimage, thy will bee done (O Lord.) But ô ſpeake Peace unto our Soules that they need not tremble at this great Seperation. O Lord, wee know Death is but a ſhadow, and the feare of it more terrible than it ſelfe. Let neither the ouglineſſe of it nor of our ſinnes diſtract our mindes when they haue moſt need to bee buſie in obtaining thy grant of a better life. Blot out all our offences (O Lord) and the manifold ſinnes of our youths, make them (O Lord) though they bee *red as Scarlet*, yet, *as White as the wooll of thy immaculate Lambe* CHRIST IESVS. *Waſh them (O Lord) in his Blood and by his wounds let us bee healed* from the ſtinking ſores and ulcers of putrified and feſtred Sinne: So that (O Lord) we may ſmile at Death and embrace the very terrour of it. Repell (O Lord) the Divell and all his miniſters, who in theſe times of affliction are moſt ready to lay before our weake ſoules a large Catalogue and bill of our moſt haynous offences, telling us that thou art a juſt GOD, and wilt not heare the

prayers

prayers of ſuch great offenders: but (O Lord) *there is Mercy with thee that thou mayeſt bee feared*; yea, that thou mayeſt bee loued. Grant (O Lord) that though wee be euen ſwallowed vp of death and deſperation, yet wee may lay hold upon the precious Merits of thy deare Sonne and our loving Saviour, ſo that either in life or death, wee may crie with a true Faith and Comfort. *Come Lord* IESVS, *come quickly.*

To whom with thee the Father and the Holy Ghoſt bee all honour and glory, now and ever.

AMEN.

***

A Vale

A Vale *to his best Part.*

(***)

DId not Religion controll
I would ſay; Farewell my Soule,
But ſo much as may depart,
Farewell, I ſay, my ſoule and heart!
Since from thee I'me forc'd to flie
I'le enter no meane Hereſie,
But will thinke it may agree
A Body without Soule, that's thee:
Thou haſt my ſoule (and ſo behau'd)
I am in hope it may bee ſau'd:
My heart's in thee, or mee, or both,
And yet if ſeperate, I am loth
Thou haſt not all, know for thy part,
I am a niggard of my heart.
Farewell I ſay, and though 'tis paine
To ſay this word, Farewell againe,

A Vale *to his beſt Part.*

Farewell, yea ſo that thou may'ſt liue
A thouſand *Vales* I will giue.
That this *Vale* true appeare
Take a Farewell, and a Teare,

From thy

A. H.

THE

Abraham Holland,

Hauing made many EPITAPHS for others, made this *Epitaph* for himselfe, and on his Death-bed, dictated it to his Brother, *H. H.*

(·.·)

PAssenger that wilt bestow
So much time to read this, know,
Here's one a lasting sleepe doth take
Till Christs *Trumpet bid him wake:*
This is that Gole whereto the man
That lyeth here interred ran,
This the Race-end, to which at most,
It can be said that hee rode Post.
Let Him sleepe quiet, and doe Thou
Leaue Sinne, not by and by, but now,
Delay not houres which swiftly glide
As a full Torrent or quicke Tide.
Knowing thus much, good Christiã, passe,
But with this Thought, I am, He was.

Denatus 18. Februarij, 1625.

H. H. *Authoris Fratris majoris (cujus cura ac impensa hæc præmissa Posthuma edita sunt,)*

Character.

Si quis prænomen cupiat cognoscere nostrum,
HENRICI *nomen Lympha Secrata dedit.*
Jnq; tuo MICHAEL *festo, sum natus & ortus,* Septemb. 1583
Christiadis sumpsi nomen in Æde tua.
Illa luce mihi dilecta adjungitur Uxor Septemb. 1615
Cognovi socium nocte priore thorum.
Hic MICHAEL *Magnus Princeps pessundabit omnes*
Papicolas istis Tartera tetra patent.
Det Pater Omnipotens, famulo mihi posse beatum
Sortire in Cœlo, cum MICHAELE *Locum.*

Aliud,

CHARACTER ACROSTICON,

vice EPITAPHIj.

H *ic, mihi ne totum delerent Funera Nomen,*
O *stendam vita rem, Loca, Nomen, Avos.*
L *aude vigent patres, vidit* COVENTRIA *natum,*
L *uce novâ:* HENRICVM *nomine signat aqua.*
A *patriæ gremio,* LONDINVM *excepit adultum,* Anno, 1599.
N *utrit idem:* Chara *cum* Pare *Liber ago:*
D *ivini cordis est verbum:* Mihi Roma perosa:
V *ita quidem tenuis, sit mihi grata tamen*
S *olaque post Mortem Cœlestia dona supersint.*

Mihi Roma perosa.

FINIS.

UMI